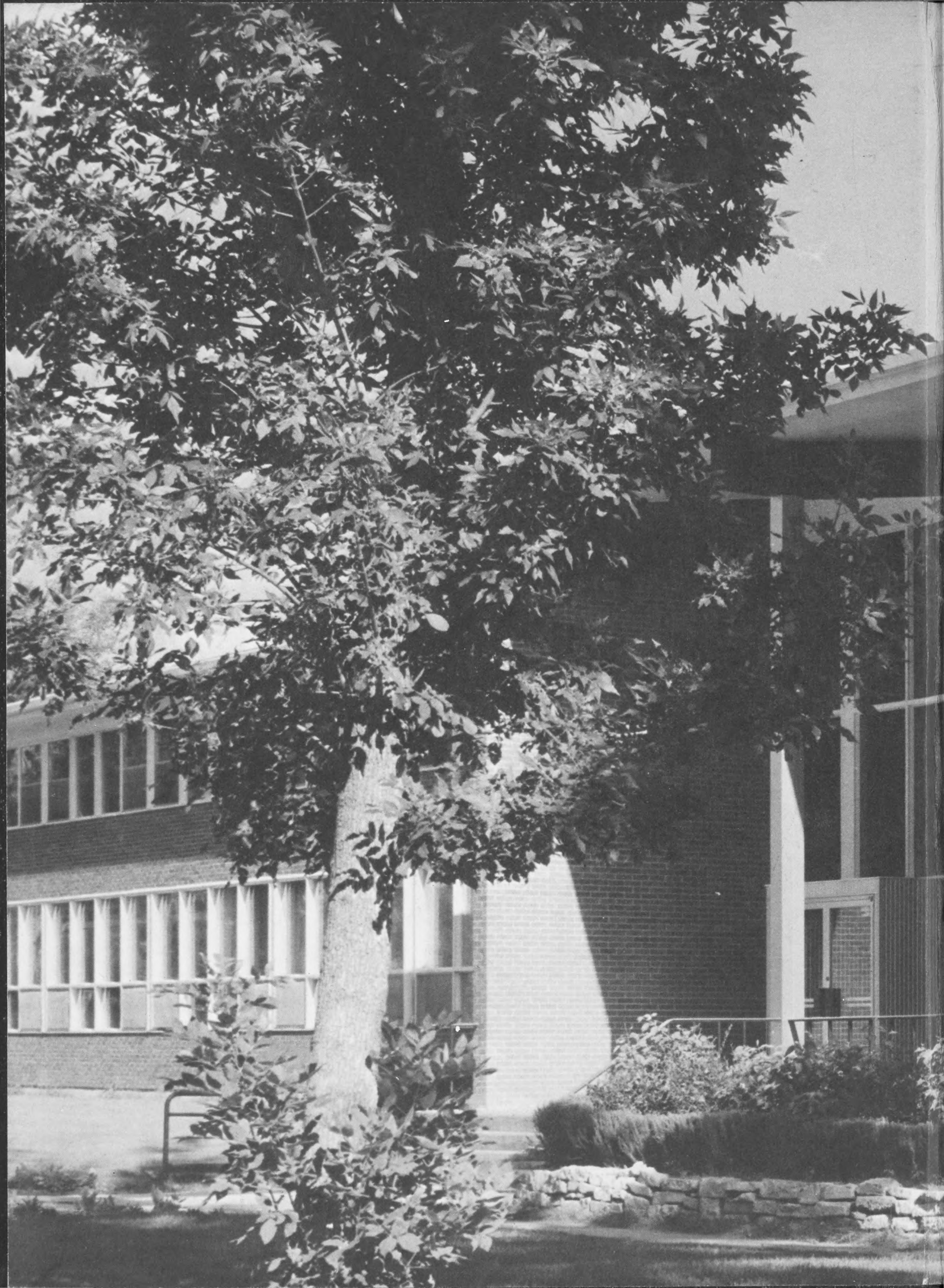


THE EAGLE





Yearbook

\$35

JA

St John's

Ravenscourt

THE SHIELD—

The School Shield, which all of us now take for granted, was designed and fabricated by Mr. James Willer. Mr. Willer, formerly of Winnipeg, is now teaching at the Vancouver School of Art in British Columbia. He shaped the shield from fiberglass and it was "painted" by a special colour - impregnating process which is weatherproof. In the process, the colour penetrates throughout the fiberglass, in effect, dying it. The shield was presented to the school by the school architects, Smith, Carter, Searle, and Associates, and was erected in December, 1963. This photograph was taken by Paul Chipman, of Campbell and Chipman Photographers, in June, of 1964.



The Eagle
St. John's - Ravenscourt
WINNIPEG 19, MANITOBA
NUMBER 15.

1965

Dedication . . .



JAMES A. RICHARDSON

We have, this year, respectfully dedicated the yearbook to Mr. James A. Richardson, who has served the school as Chairman of the Board of Governors ever since 1952. A fitting tribute was made to him by Mr. Gordon, at the Carol Service, when he presented Mr. Richardson with a very unique book; a gesture of thanks by the school. In the following speech which Mr. Gordon made, he concluded with the foreword of the book:

"This book, of which three copies only have been printed, is designed to express the warm gratitude of many people — boys, masters, and parents — past, present, and future — for the enduring interest, generous support and thoughtful work of James Richardson on behalf of this School during his term as Chairman of the Board of Governors 1952-64."

The Speech:

"And now, just before the end of this Carol Service, I would like, on behalf of us all, to give a Christmas present to a person who has played a special role in the life of this school — a person, but for whom we might not be here having a Carol Service at all.

Mr. Richardson will not be turning the Chairmanship of the Board over to his successor until some time in the new year, but this seemed to us the right time — when parents, boys, Board members and staff are gathered together — to tell him how deeply grateful we are for all he has done in the past twelve years — first of all for making certain that the school could continue to exist; secondly, for insisting that the continued existence should depend upon its merits, and thirdly for making its merits known to others who have helped us.

Mr. Richardson is a modest person and I feel I must not embarrass him by a recitation of his many acts of generosity or a full account of what his great investiture of time and talent has meant to us. To me personally he has been the best counsellor and friend a Headmaster could hope for. His

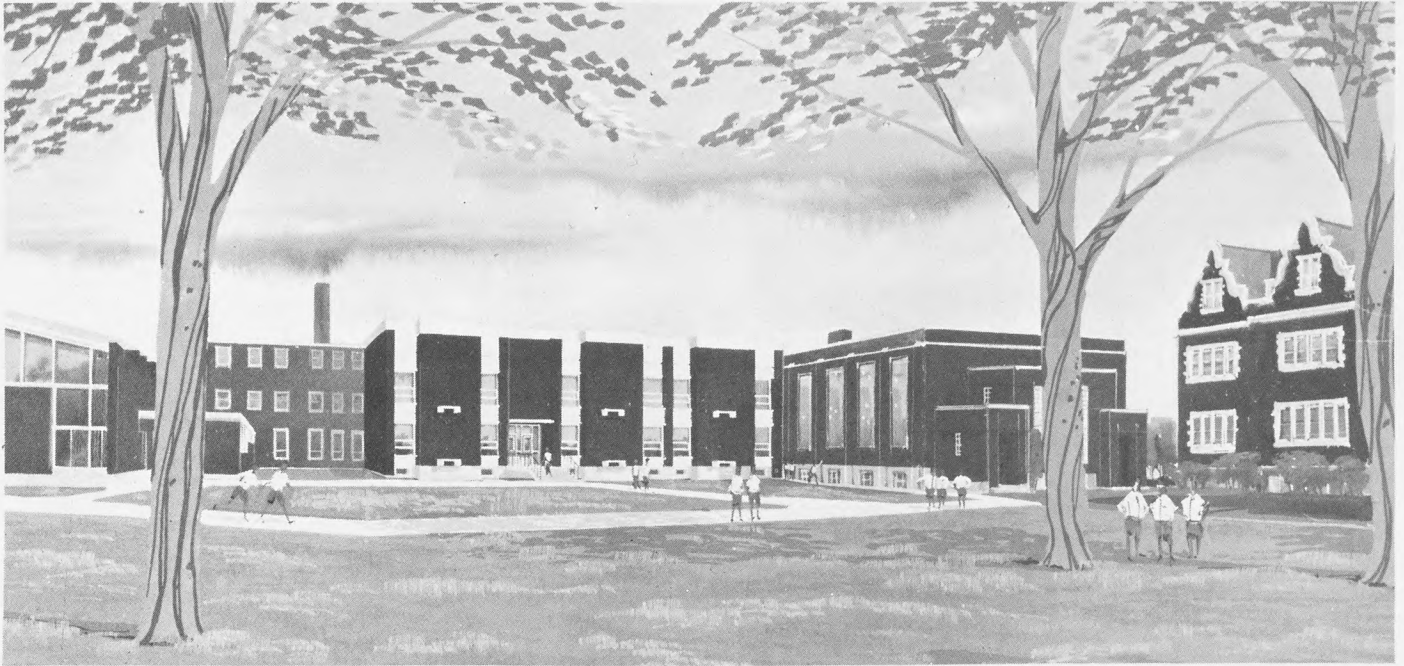
criticisms have been just; his comments perceptive; his interest, eager, and his encouragement to make this school, his school, as good a one as we, all of us, could make it, has been constant. He has earned a respite from his many time-consuming duties in connection with School affairs. I hope that I know him well enough, however, to say that his interest and encouragement will continue.

I have here a book — a book which has been prepared and produced by several people over a period of months — a book which no one can buy — a book which we hope will remind Mr. Richardson and his family and will tell sons, grandsons, and great grandsons something of the part that his family has played in the destiny of the School. The three copies of this book will be distributed: one to Mrs. Richardson Sr., one to Mrs. Richardson, and the third will remain in the school as a perpetual reminder of Jim Richardson's work here, and that of his father before him. We have called the book "Two Generations" — a title that we felt might be of some significance to the Richardson Family and also to this School. Here is the book, and let me, before I present it, read you the introduction:"



One of the many Board Meetings that Mr. Richardson attended.

Classroom Building Project



Architect's conception of the new Lower School Building.

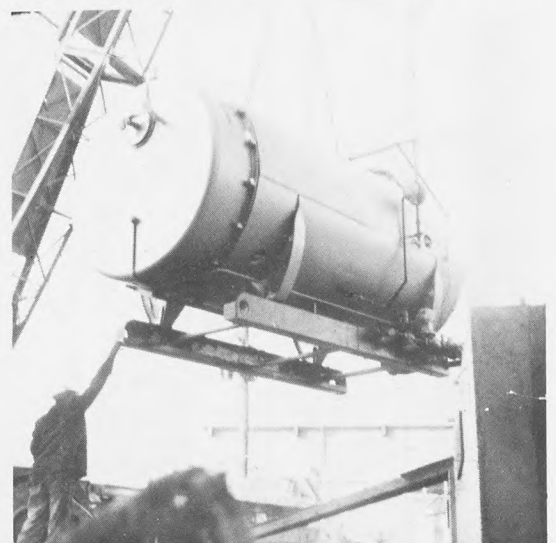
More than two years ago, plans were begun by a committee consisting of some members of the Board of Governors, the Staff, and the School Architect for a further expansion of the school. A master plan of the school at its full growth, 15 years from now, was made, and a program stating the needs and reasons for expansion was compiled. An examination of the program showed the type and design of building which would be needed, and the facilities it would contain.

It was decided that upon completion of the new building, the Upper School would take over the Memorial Wing, and the new building would become a Lower School building, containing all the necessary offices and facilities to allow it to function efficiently. In it would have to be a biology lab., locker rooms, a recreation area, a library, washrooms, and classrooms to accommodate 20 boys each, with the exception of Form VI, which could seat 25 because of the double Form VII. The next step was to swing the Memorial Wing to its present position, since the planning committee wanted to avoid physically separating the Upper and Lower Schools. The Memorial Wing, being a light frame structure, lent itself to the move. The original plans for the new building were then modified to site it to the size of the old Memorial Wing site, so that it still linked the gymnasium and Hamber Hall. This made it somewhat larger, and it will now contain 4 Upper School classrooms.

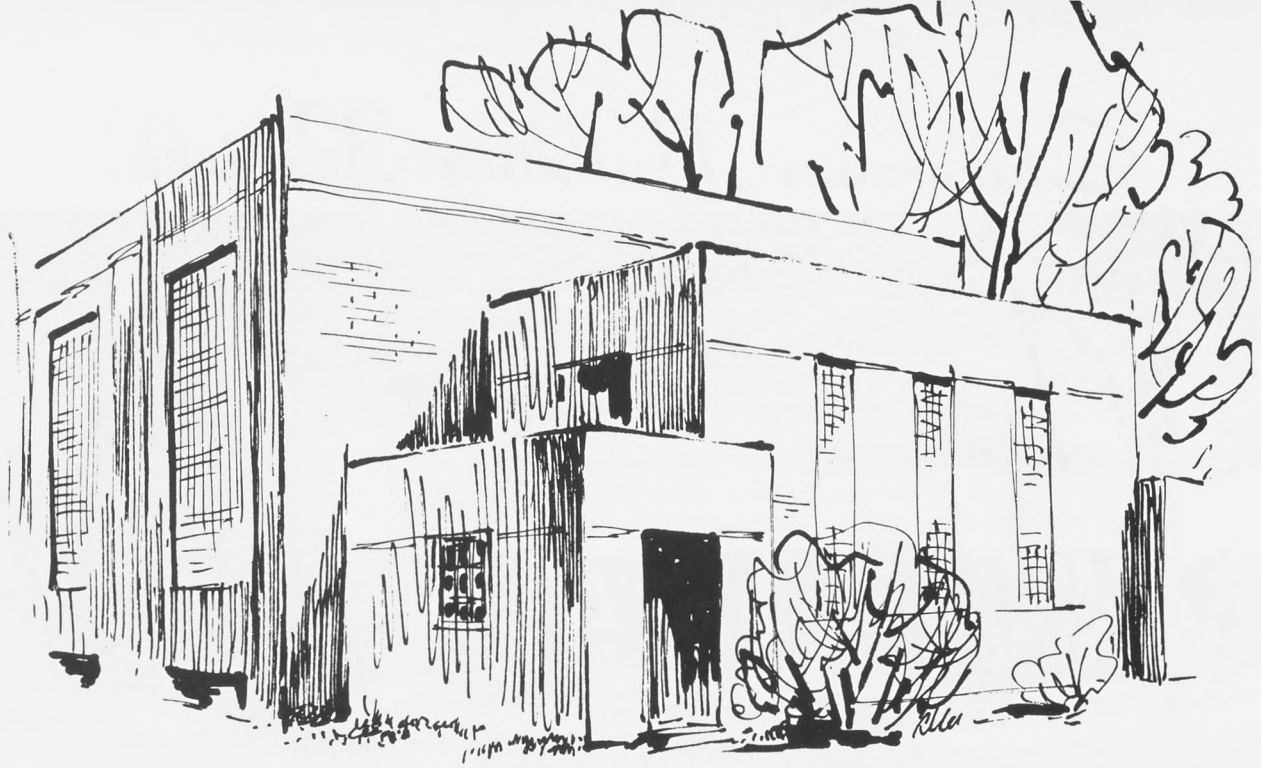
At the same time, the committee realized that a new sewer system and lift station would be necessary, as would new water mains, and a central heating system for the whole school. A larger

power input was needed and after the underground cables go in, down go the old telephone poles! A more efficient fire-alarm system was set up, with the installation of smoke detectors. As the plans became clearer, the building was gradually adapted to perfectly suit our needs.

When all was thought to be ready, tenders were called, and on the 5th of August, 1964 the committee gave the contract to Imperial Construction, the low bidder, and the amount authorized for the total project (including furnishings in the new building and modifications to the buildings around it) was \$494,000. The contract was signed in late August, and construction began at once; the company was given until July 1, 1965, to finish. As this is being written, the company is optimistic,



Putting in the Boilers



The Gymnasium — erected 1937

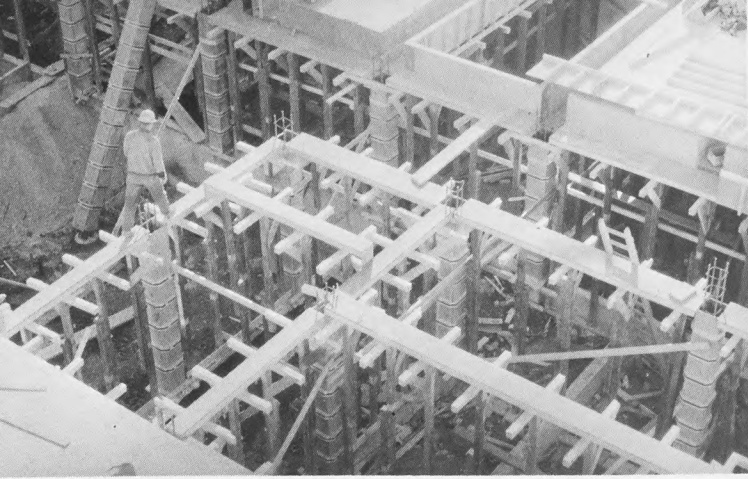
and expects to be finished by late June. The only delay to construction was in August when water was found forty feet under the site. The foundations had to be changed to pre-stressed piles from poured ones, but since then, the extra cost and time have been made up.

The new building will bring many changes, particularly to Thompson House. With all the additional space, there will be a series of common rooms which will include a recreation room, a separate TV room, a proper canteen, and a billiard room. The present library classroom will become a reading and study room. The gym basement

would become mostly Upper School, with more locker space, a music practice room, and a hobbies room. The Yearbook Room will occupy Walter's office where it will tie in with the Darkroom. All these changes would be principally for the benefit of the boarders.

The Memorial Wing — 1955





Capping the piles

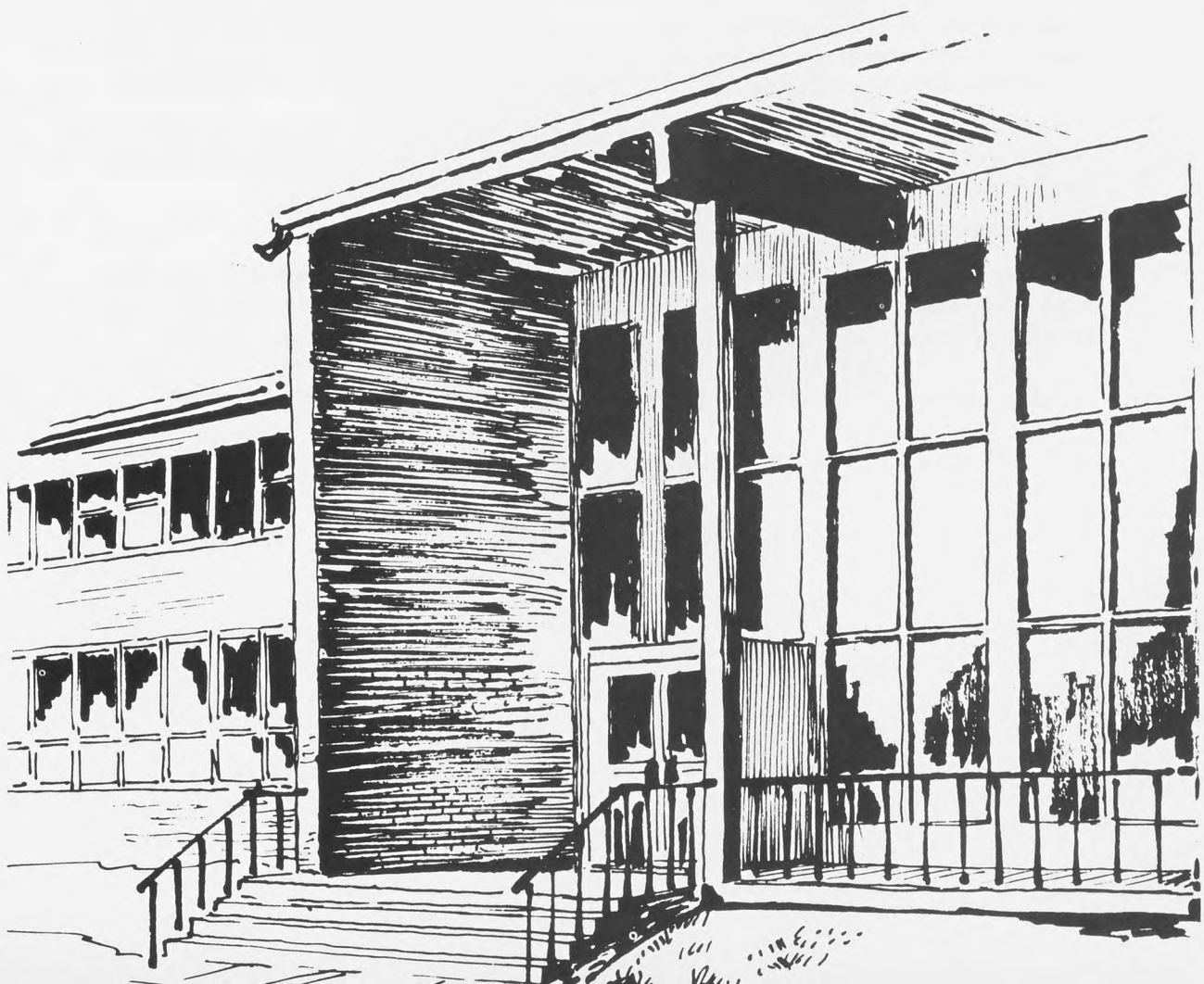


Setting the forms

As for Hamber Hall, the old boiler room will become a two-level workshop; changes will have to be made in the kitchen, and sometime in the not-so-far-distant future, the Dining Hall may have to be lengthened. Like Hamber Hall, the new building is a modern design, with fireproof concrete floors, concrete block partitions, and a very functional layout. It will be up to Thompson House still to provide the rustic atmosphere that was characteristic of the school in the dim days of its youth.

In conclusion, we would like to express special thanks to Mr. George N. Andison who last May, agreed to act as Chairman of the Fund-Raising Committee. It is mainly through his endeavors that the new building will become a financial reality. The campaign objective is \$500,000; at present, slightly over \$350,000 has been raised. Contributions have come from all over Canada, from U.S.A., and from as far away as Venezuela. These contributions are not necessarily all from Old Boys, but wherever there are Old Boys, and they are scattered far and wide over the continent, contributions are coming in.

Hamber Hall — 1956



Headmaster's Foreword

The forecast for tomorrow is twenty below zero. The snow lies deep on the playing fields. It has been a long, tough term. Once again your Editor asks me to write a foreword for this book which will appear when the grass is green, the sun warm, the year near its end and the summer holidays looming large on the horizon.

This has been an unusual year — unusually busy, unusually complicated and unusually cold. It has been busy for the teachers because there haven't been enough of them, and for both boys and teachers because we have taken on so many projects — games, plays, concerts, a winter carnival, science projects, cadets, out-scouts, choir, dances, to say nothing of classroom labours. It has been complicated by the big building project which has necessitated moving from Hamber Hall to Thompson House and the Gymnasium out-of-doors. The almost continuous cold has made these journeys exhilarating for all concerned.

This has also been a good year. It has been a year in which many boys have taken on many responsibilities, and discharged them conscientiously and cheerfully. We have not yet reached our goal of a school responsibility shared by all boys and respected by all boys, but we have taken another step towards it. The boys who have seen and appreciated what we are trying to, and who have put forward their best efforts have not only contributed to this year, but to the success of years ahead.

One of the responsible jobs is to record the year's happenings and to catch in words and pictures something of its spirit. Michael Fox and his staff have worked hard to do this. They deserve our congratulations and our thanks.

To those of you here whose time has now run out, I say:

"Best wishes for the future and thank you for your efforts." I hope you will come back from time to time to check up on us, and see, I hope, something of the fruits of your labours.

R. L. Gordon
Headmaster.



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The Teaching Staff



Back: Mr. Gill, Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Beare, Mr. Glegg, Mr. Olsen, Mr. Wellard, Mr. Gorrie, Mr. McLeod.
Front: Mrs. Nagy, Mrs. Karasik, Mrs. Perreault, Mr. Waudby, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Bredin, Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Ainley, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Murray. **Missing:** Mr. Petrencik, Mr. Stemshorn, Mr. Stewart.

Board of Governors

WINNIPEG MEMBERS

James A. Richardson
 George N. Andison
 Andrew Currie
 C. H. Flintoft
 A. S. Hutchings
 David H. Jones
 Dr. R. M. Ramsay
 H. A. Roberts
 S. A. Searle, Jr.
 Peter Wood
 J. A. Hammond

Fred G. Anderson
 Dr. G. F. Boulton
 Dr. Colin C. Ferguson
 Shane MacKay
 L. D. McMurray
 Scott Neal
 C. S. Riley
 Maj. Gen. N. E. Rodger
 Donald G. Smith
 R. L. Gordon

OUT OF TOWN MEMBERS

Dr. J. D. Leishman, Regina
 Dr. J. K. Martin, Edmonton
 Mr. Justice N. McDermid, Calgary
 Mr. Gordon P. Osler, Toronto
 C. D. Shepard, Q.C., Toronto
 Christopher Young, Ottawa



Mr. Glegg

Mr. Glegg was born in England and schooled in England and Rhodesia under the English prep school system. He is a graduate of the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, an affiliated college of the University of London, and he has taught in Rhodesia for a year. He did two years of post-graduate work in Education, and he teaches French throughout the Upper School. He plays the guitar, is a folksinger and was once in charge of a 'Rock and Roll' band. Mr. Glegg was the first casualty on the hockey rinks in '64, and succumbing to the Canadian Winter he retired to bed for a week or two in the second term. As part of his recovery, he plans to revisit the Barbados (his 38th country) during the Easter Holidays. We wish our globe-trotter the best in his future plans.



Mr. Petrencik

Mr. Petrencik is a graduate of the University of Toronto, holding a degree in Psychology. He first taught Phys. Ed. in the Junior High Schools System in Ontario, and now teaches Geography, Maths, and Phys. Ed. in the Upper School. He has done post-graduate work in Business Administration, and his major interest is teaching by Programming. He sings and plays the twelve-string guitar as well as classical piano music. His favorite sports are Basketball and Gymnastics! All in all, Mr. Petrencik leads a quiet life, and we wish him a happy and uneventful future.

New Staff

Mr. McLeod

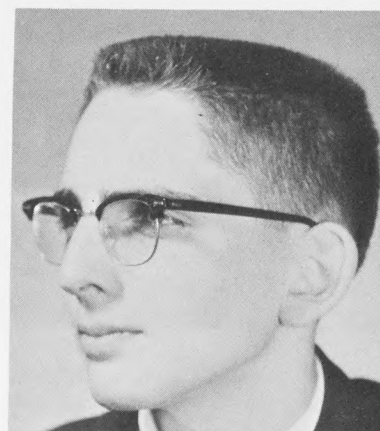
Mr. McLeod graduated with First Class Honours from the University of Toronto. He won the Regents Gold Medal and has had fourteen years of boarding school teaching experience at Ridley College in St. Catharines, Ont. Upon leaving Ridley, he was head of the English department, and was House Master of Meritt House. He came to S.J.R. after working at Thomas Nelson and Sons Publishing Co.

Soon showing his keen interest and experience in Dramatics, he took on the job as Director of Billy Budd. He conducted a tour to New York for forty-five boys during the Easter Holidays. Good luck in your future career at Ravenscourt, Mr. McLeod!



Mr. Stemshorn

Mr. Stemshorn holds a B.Sc. degree, graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1964. He teaches Math. and Science up to Form IV in the Upper School, and coaches Basketball. He plans to return to University to take postgraduate work in Philosophy, and later, he intends to teach at a University level. He likes Football and Curling, doesn't particularly care for fast cars, and considers himself to be absent-minded. At present he is trying to instill an understanding of Science in the Grade 8 A's by employing a 'Socratic' method of teaching. We wish him every success in his career.



Editorial . . .

Our school is a new and different kind of boarding school, and a better kind. Other than necessities such as meal-times and classes, there is remarkably little regimentation in it, and the boys are given as much freedom as is practicably possible. It operates on ideals, though, and its successful functioning is dependent upon the sense of responsibility and the co-operation of the boys within it. Once we leave boarding school, we soon learn that survival on a national scale is dependent upon the decisions and co-operation of individuals. Even primeval man knew that you stood a better chance for surviving if there were two of you working together, and in these changing times and this period of change for our school, the need for co-operation becomes magnified. A major problem in ironing out this year's faults and making it a successful one was the getting across of this idea of working together.

At the risk of being too critical, I can well say that it can be a real let-down when someone you are depending upon to do something does not do it, and it can throw out your whole schedule. This was most evident to me in the production of the Yearbook, but I had only to look around me to see examples of this in every aspect of school life. A member of a cleaning party does not show up, and as a result, the boy in charge of the group is late for football practice, holding up others. If everyone makes a small effort at the end of each meal and clears his place, a waiter's job becomes

much more pleasant; a hockey team is no good unless the players will work together, passing, and co-ordinating their movements; it can't hope to win if every player plays for himself. Co-operation is a wonderful thing once it is put into practice. However, if the chef didn't show up on time to get a meal prepared, each boy would find something to grumble about, not thinking of how he, himself, may have let someone down in his sphere of responsibility.

Even though there are people who do evade responsibility, there are those who do take on difficult and demanding jobs, and make an effort which makes the whole year worthwhile. These jobs are all too often unpleasant and time-consuming, but there are several boys this year who have taken on such jobs, and have been mature enough to do their best at them regardless of the type of job. For example, there was the boy in charge of the cleaning of the Dining Hall, the boy in charge of the Day Boys' buses, and not least important, the senior boy who cheerfully did as he was asked, setting a good example to boys in the lower grades. It is these people and many others who are unmentioned here who will be a success in their adult lives. They will meet the other type of person wherever they go.

Responsibility exists at all levels, whether you are a Grade Eight waiting on tables, or whether you are the Headmaster of a school. It should be something to be welcomed, for it gives you a chance to prove to yourself what you are capable of doing. By carrying out your responsibilities to others, you are co-operating, and things are smoother-running and easier for everyone concerned. A system like our school, based on ideals, can only be as good as the ideals and the strength of character of the people within it. Let's get this team spirit now, and prove that St. John's-Ravenscourt really is a unique Canadian school.

—Michael Fox, Editor.

The Eagle Staff

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Editor-in-chief | Fox |
| Assistant Editors..... | Wilson Cottick |
| Photography | Nanson Sprague |
| Sports | Hunter Matthews |
| Art work | Roberts |
| Head of Advertising | McBeath |
| Proofing and Typing | Dodd |

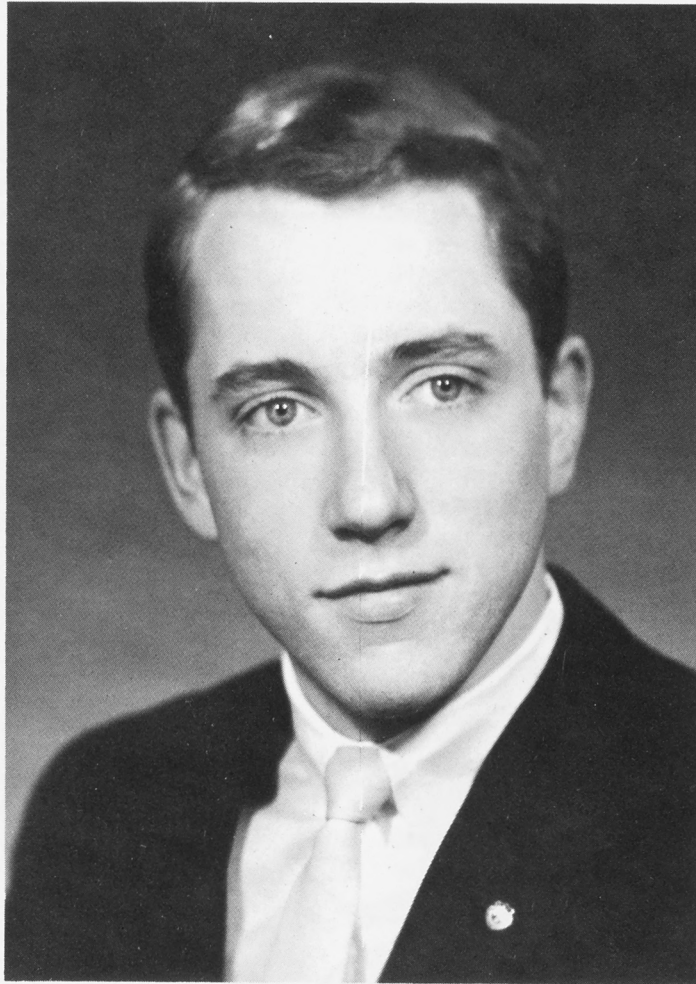


Back: Sprague, Nanson, Roberts, McBeath, Matthews. Front: Wilson, Fox, Cottick. Missing: Dodd, Hunter.

GRADUATES



R.



The School Captain

With Derek at the helm, this has been one of the best years that the school has enjoyed. As School Captain, this bandy-legged Calgarian led the School with efficiency and good humour. Derek was a real enthusiast on the football field and hockey rink, played House sports and was a Company Captain in the Cadet Corps.

Der's dorm was always available, or at least used for the occasional bull-session and he was usually an active participant, telling us about his days in the cowboy country.

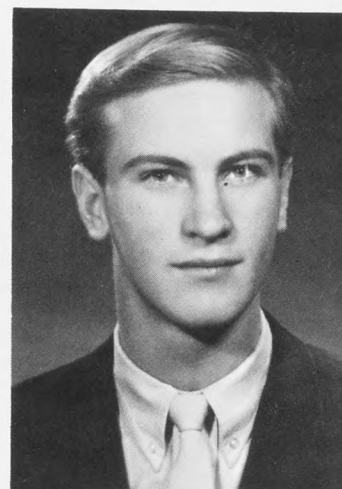
Dazzling Der carried on a light correspondence with a certain American girl, but didn't hesitate to keep the homefires burning. He was one of four Los Angeles expeditionaries. Derek plans to go in for Commerce at the University of Alberta, Calgary Campus, and we know that if the fair sex will leave him alone, he will be very successful.



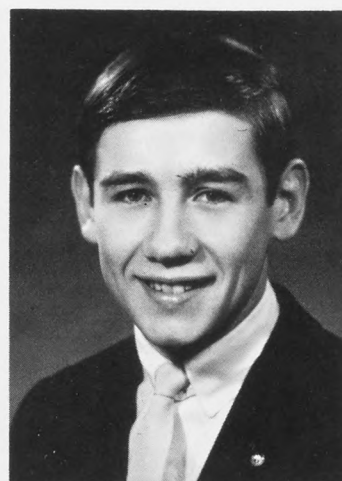
The Vice-Captain

CRAIG LAMB: Klaig Harris was Rice-Captain of the School this year. Despite several faults, such as being a back-seat driver, he did an excellent job upstaging Captain Vere and Billy Budd in the play. He also acted in the official capacity of Senior Prefect. We all agree that there wasn't a better type-cast person in the play, too. Honourable Claggart was a lieutenant in Cadets, a star on the football field and the hockey rink, and it looks like it is going to be a good Track and Field season for him. The whole form thinks the WORLD of Craig, and we wouldn't lose his friendship for all the tea in China. In his weaker moments, he could be found shooting pool with Fox, or resting on his bed. An avid practiser of Confucianism, Craig plans to take Civil Engineering next year at University. Sayonara and good luck.

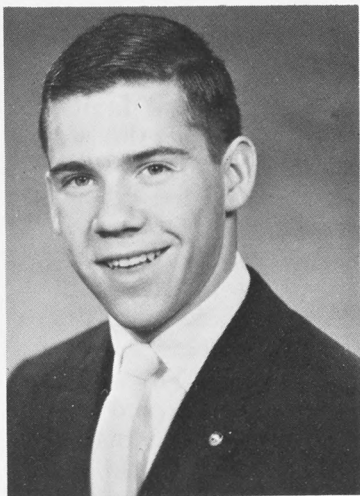
RANDY ARNETT: Fra Lippo Lippi the Monk decided to shun the fairer sex, and get down to work this year. Unfortunately for his Physics mark, they wouldn't leave him alone, and B.C. Interior Affairs became his favorite subject. Rand was a senior prefect and most afternoons could be seen strapping on his Dunlop No. 12's for Basketball. He was also noted for his footloose running in football. On weekends our banjo-plucking hustler raunched a hot six Monza, but sometimes found time for sports between oil changes. Free of the knife of Pete-the-Greene, Army found time to love his dorm-mate and ditched his white cane award. Randy really does like his SS dorm-mate even though he bothers him, and we know that our favorite genius will do well next year in Engineering. "While the grass grows, Randy mows" and "He weeps for what is done."



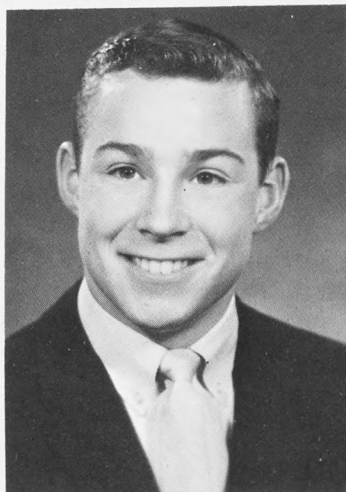
BILL EVERETT: William Joxer Collins was a senior prefect this year. Chokecherry was a super-star in football and hockey, never missing a chance to materialize on a scoring opportunity. Seldom found with the same car twice in one week, Ev lead the Common Room through many hours of laughs. Playing the second most important role of the mess deck, Bill could usually be found laughing it up with Byron in his more serious moments. Often heard about midnight on the Third Floor: "Ouch! Leggo! I give, I give! Aw, c'mon. Mee-thews!" Bill was a captain in Cadets, plans to take Commerce next year "because everyone else is". Cherry is good clay for a University man and we wish him luck "He was a man, take him for all in all."



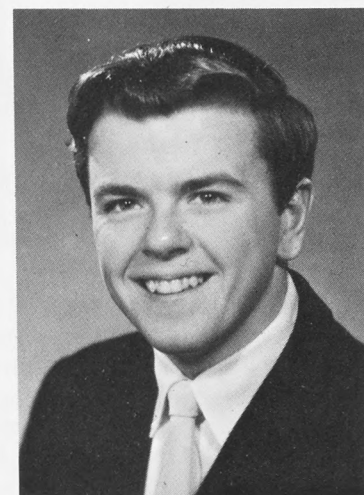
Graduates



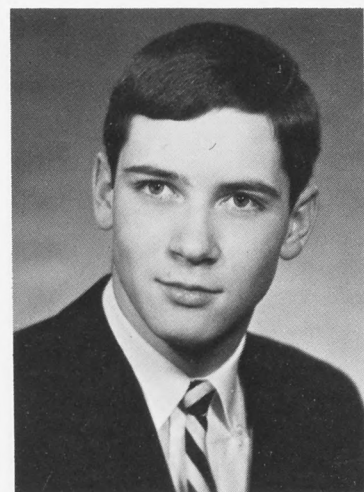
PETER HUNTER: Snatch, the only boy in the form who had to tie a triple Windsor to keep from tripping, made up for his lack of size by packing a mean punch in the halls and on the football team. On October 31st, he became a super-hustler, and often his mind became a blink as he stared off into space thinking about his Barbie Doll. He played goal, guiding the senior hockey team to several wins, and he is a Dentistry man all the way. We hope that his walls at home are as interesting as those in his dorm.



RICK MATTHEWS: Rick was a senior prefect, too, but found time to play hockey, House sports and football. Although at first he had trouble finding the right-sized helmet, once he was let loose on the football field, he became a real demon. Besides strumming his guitar at all hours of the night, he saw his headshrinker once a week for dream interpretations, played Ratcliffe in Billy Budd, and was RSM in Cadets. Despite Rick's broad strength, he suffers from chronic microcephalia, but contrary to common belief, is not narrow-minded. But don't get in his way or you'll get ME'ED. Best of luck in Law, Commerce, Judo, weight-lifting etc. Remember its "Quality, not Quantity".



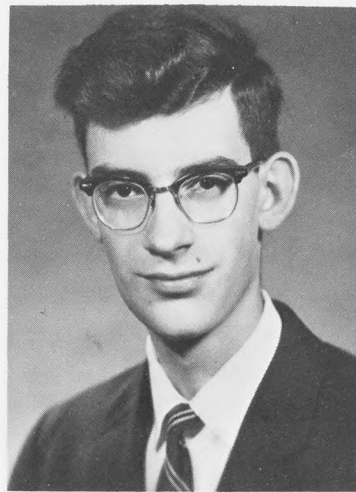
DAVID PURDY: Baby-Face Budd, the quintessence of innocence, made it into the Prefects' Club this year. Dave took up several new interests, among them, football and girls. As a result of the latter, he has plans for going to McGill. One of the History boys, Rundy conducted a tour of Los Angeles during the Easter holidays, showing his companions true meat-market country. The ugly American is another brogue man, and plays a wicked game of basketball. He'll have to remember to watch himself near the end of term when the Yanqui posters go up in Hamber Hall. A patriotic man, the Stars and Stripes hang over his bed and . . . calm down Dave . . . we wish him the best in Commerce.



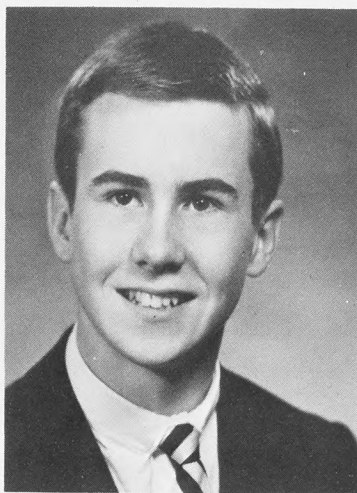
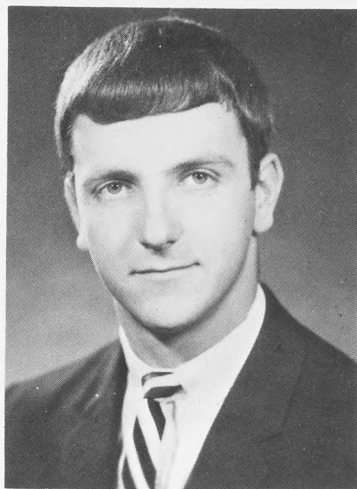
RUSSELL BOURK: Another member of Arny's dapper dresser's club, Stoney and petite (PT) got on real well this year. Taking up football and holding down his old place as wing in hockey, Russ was one for a sporting life. Up bright and early every morning, Stoney shared his interests equally between dorm clean-up and Out Scouts. Out of hand, this year Stoney found a real "pearl". He was the 26th guy to sign for a dance ticket to the Winter Carnival.

Form VI

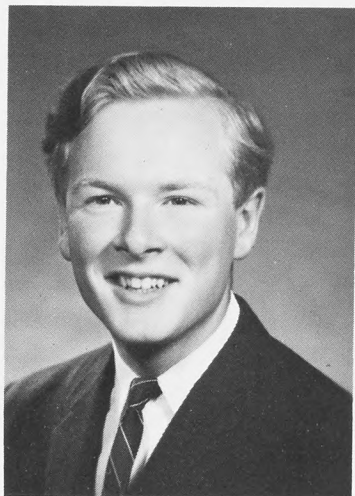
ROSS CAINE: Rosie again took charge of the bookworm club — house common room; seldom found not breaking up fights, Ross tool-ed around in a mean Wildcat. He dazzled the Commerce orientation group with his long-hidden and real classy wardrobe.



BYRON DART: Almost learning the difference between black and white the hard way on his Xmas trip to Florida, By added light to the form this year (Zippo). Wheeling a good condition '53 Chev or Pontiac, Byron could often be seen, books in arm, blazing a path across the Red in mid-winter. Not sure of his future occupation, we wish our Ear Falls export the best of luck.

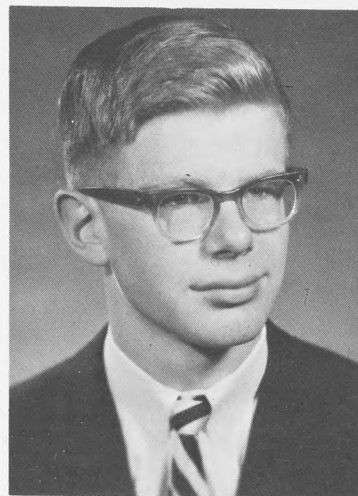


PHILIP DODD: Phil played O'Daniel in Billy Budd, stealing the show whenever he said his lines. He played Soccer at Right Guard (or whatever it was). Phil was 21C in Cadets as well as Chief Organizer of the Winter Carnival. Taking his place behind a wheel this year in a Rambler, Phil found his true-love there, although at times, it didn't look as if things would "pam" out. Protecting himself from his playoff form-mates with his Defend-O, he managed to last the year, and we wish him the best of luck in Chemical Engineering.

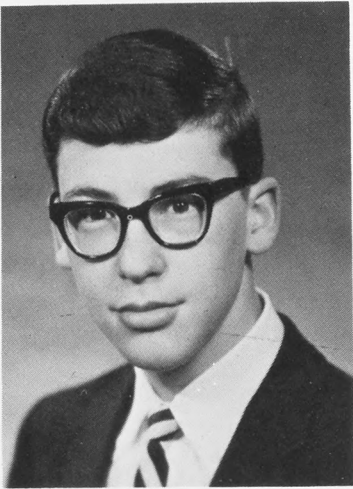


TERRY FOLINSBEE: King Flea, ruler of Graham's dorm, really showed us his stuff this year. Rising to the top of his class our Einstein cruised through Physics and Maths. with 90's, and never turned on the sweat at exam-time. Seriously, though, Terry takes a great interest in things Mathematical and Scientific, and we know that he has a successful life ahead of him. Terry took up cards this year, and between fencing with Jack and theorizing out elementary relativity, he found time to sleep in the afternoons.

NOEL EVOY: Rosie's left-hand man and official bouncer of the library, Noel concentrated on his Academics this year and quietly let sports slip by the board. Keeping the back of the room under control at all times, was it Noel whom we heard saying all the time: "This is wise."?



Graduates

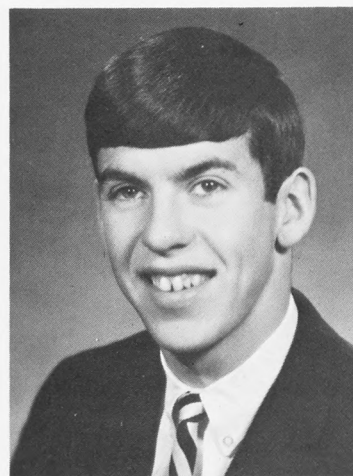


MICHAEL FOX: Foxy, the Yearbook Staff, slipped in a few crafty sentences here and there and adroitly endowing the Yearbook with sly quips and an adept imagination, our crafty editor did the Yearbook early and subtly slipped away to New York for the Easter Holidays. He managed to dodge the girls with finesse and thus keep up his busy schedule. A Soccer man, he aptly ground it out on the Eagle in mid-March and still came up with a good average. Have an expert time in Architecture when you get there Super-Renard.

CLARK FRASER: "Old King Cole was a merry old soul and many a joke cracked he." Clark had a part-time job at Labatt's this year, and kept the form intoxicated with laughter. Super-Detonater was the source of the explosive mirth which shot through the class this year, gunning people down in its path. On the football field, if there was a hole in the line big enough to drive a truck through — sure enough, there was Clark! Fizzer took a hand in House Soccer and sr. Basketball, as well as being CO in Cadets. Small wonder that he sometimes felt tired in classes. Best of luck in your usurpation of the Red Skelton Show, Clark.



ALAN GRAHAM: Big Chief Graham Wafer, of the Early-Rising Tribe, counted coupon girls this year, frequently dating his squaw, Nancy. Al and Stoney were real good butties, often visiting the 4D together. Ugthorp did not just channel his literary talents to writing essays for the Eagle this year, but also wrote a couple of letters for a "deceased" dorm-mate, rescuing him from his many admirers. Al was the star of sr. Soccer, but didn't stop there, and pulled a few old Injun tricks in House football, leading Young to a victory, and putting the Championship in the head-dress. Al, a true Nomad, now hails from Koostatak, and plans to return to the wilds after University to set up a practice as a Veterinarian. It will be hard parting from the blood brothers and the school he has so long been used to. "A feather in his hat."

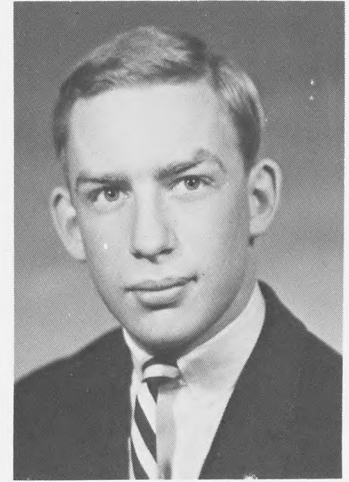


IAN HARTLEY: Coon came back to entertain us for his third year, but this time from Toronto, taking part in hockey, football and House sports. Spook prefers opposites, going in for blondes. Receiving the shaft of Cupid's arrow the first term, he found Zelda Zorch the second term and from then on it was "Mover Hartley" (ZZZZ) Ian just loves cool logical, intellectual arguments and was often seen calmly reasoning out his opinions in the Prefect's Common Room. Our ski-bum is going in for Architecture but if not, we wish him the best in Home, Sweet Africa.

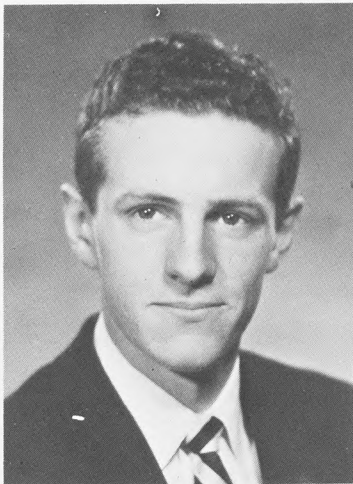
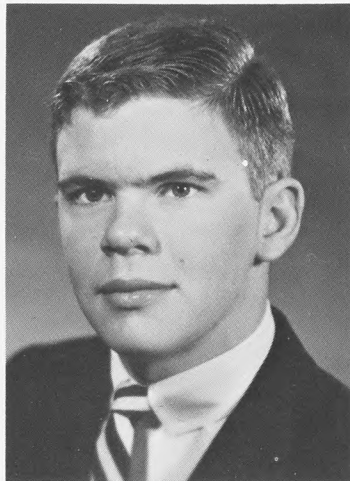
RODGER LUCY: Last year, Rodger the Dodger considered the pen to be mightier than the sword, but since he took up fencing, he now thinks that the sword is a more effective weapon. (Foiled Again). As a rule, Rog' hung out in the library, soaking up more history and boning up on his chess. He still hates Grade Eights, and if given another year, may even accept football despite its lack of bloodthirstiness.

Form VI

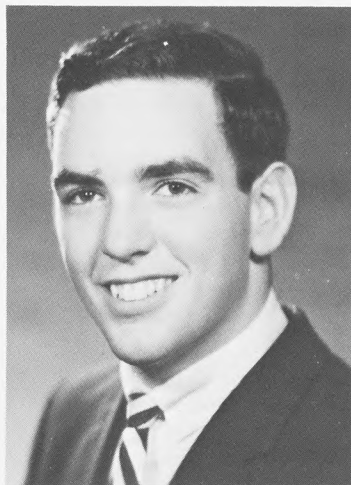
COLIN MONCRIEFF: Monty was a full-time boarder for two-thirds of the year, and on his escape, became the Sixth's answer to Hy's and Duffy's on wheels. Throwing the Grey Cup party this year, Monty was a picture-hog while quarterbacking the senior football team. Still a dapper dresser, Monk went out in his hot six Monza and into Craig's last year's area of hustling. Eyebrows held down center on the hockey team and will likely do well in Track and Field. No longer with the band in Cadets, Colin is now Ltnt. He has plans for Queen's next year and lots of golf in the summer. We wish our member of the SJR redheads the best of luck in years to come.



BILL RAMSAY: Banana Bill was a real busy fella this year. He coached Bantam A's and B's, played hockey for the Monarchs all Fall and Winter, and still pulled off good marks, proving that you can eat, sleep and zzt hockey and still find time for other things. CONGRATULATIONS on being voted Rookie of the Year, Bill. Docter Germs is still going to be a medicine man, and is for Princeton all the way. Chiquita was notorious for his monkeying around in classes, as well as his apeing of certain people. An honorary member of the 9:00 - 3:15 club, Bill often had to rush off to a practice with his fellow-Simian team-mates.

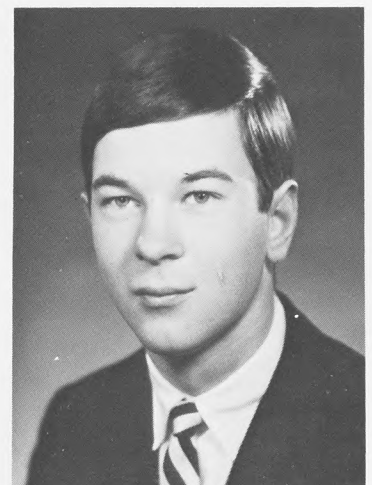


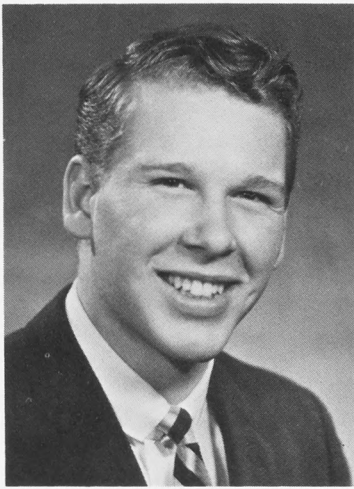
GERALD ROBINSON: Gerald McBoingBoing, back from Neepawa this year, was another early riser. Conway played soccer, and was in charge of fencing in Out-Scouts. Jack took several courses by correspondence, but taking a break from the grind, he hypnotized himself into believing he was Reveen for a short while. Boing belongs to the Butter's Club, but all the same, he eagerly made up posters to stamp out cigarette smoking. Gerald intends to go into the Advertising business, or be a dentist.



NICK RODGER: Silent and wise, Nick is our Kelvin representative. You would never guess that this aloof, ever-patient, and sombre young man is a basketball star as well as being a mature member of a well-known crowd of boppers. Despite his enthusiasm and time-consuming interest in Sports, Nick managed to hold a medium high average in the class standings.

HUGH ROBERTS: Hughie Baby was the Sixth's man-about-town. Talking fast foreign cars and taking time off from his heavy schedule, to grind it out in Math class, Doodles was the Eagle's Artwork man. Our hustler's ambition is to drive an Army truck when he grows up, but in the meantime, he is satisfied to do caricatures and show us how to be a real playboy. Hugh's summer-time activities are, surprisingly, long-distance canoeing, swimming, and camping out. Sgt. Roberts supported all the school dances, displaying his snappy brogues and you could set your clock (3:17) on Nick and Hugh. He is going in for Commercial Designing. "Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

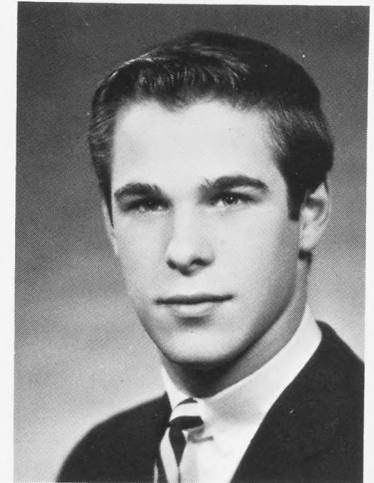




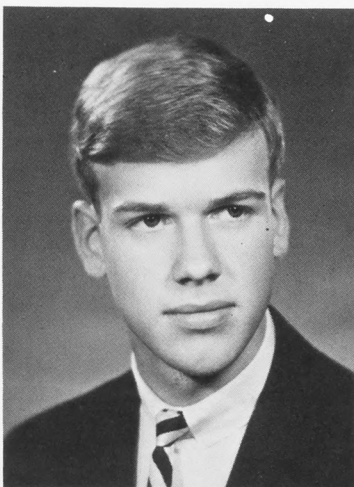
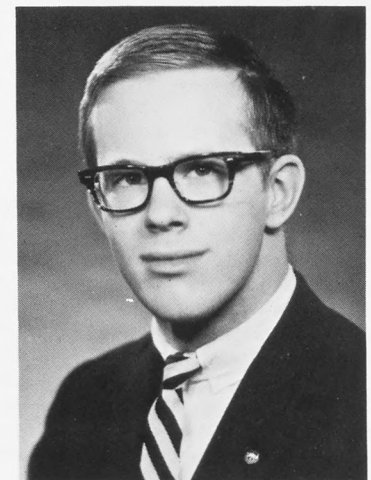
BOB ROPER: Si senior, it ees Cisco Roper who ees often accused of taking a siesta in Math. class. Ropes still wore stylish shirts, but when he turned up at the school dances, he put everyone to shame. Bob took time off from his hustling activities to slip out of his natty duds and into something more durable to play football, hockey, and House sports. Pauncho was a CSM in Cadets, and the acid test of whether or not he was a true Sixth-former came on the Father and Sons Weekend. Have a good summer, Bob.

Form VI

BOB SANDERS: Stubby got his wheels, finally, and received many congratulations on achieving his 16th birthday. As soon as he got his new Rambler, it was "Honk!", "Honk!" and off for East Kildonan. Stub showed the form the pitfalls of marriage, with his smooth and untroubled relationship. Captain Stub (of the Out Scouts) spent a lot of time on Val during the Easter term, but when exams rolled around, he scraped the bottom of the barrel and squeaked through, just, much to the frustration of Phil. He plans to go in for Commerce, and as a gift to help him on his way, we are going to give him one gross of extra-large handkerchiefs on his 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ birthday. (They are a long way apart aren't they, Bobbie.)

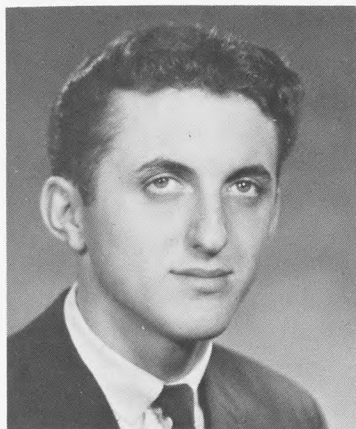


STEWART SPRAGUE: Another mature member of the form, Stu expressed his views reasonably. Slow to get started, but like a runaway freight train when he got going, Stu was a real menace on the football field, but often got fouled up on the basketball court. Between times he had to conserve his energy, lying full-length on the Prefects' Common Room couch each noon hour. He took time to snap a few amateurish candida for the Eagle, and we thank him for his pains.

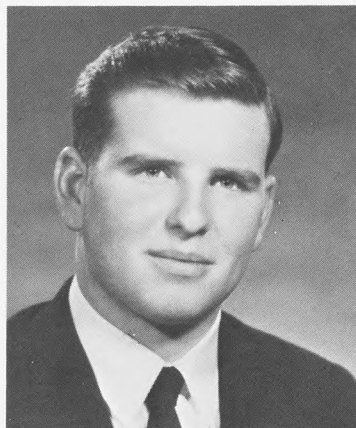


MICHAEL WALTON: Mike played at football, finally got his Driver's Licence and has an 8:30 curfew. Marksman of the Cadet Corps, he daren't go AWOL because he'll get grounded for a year, horsewhipped and thrown in the brig. A dancefloor darling, he divided his talents evenly between basketball and scholastics during the Easter term. Since his is the last write-up of the form and we have lots of good wishes left over, we wish him the best of luck OVERSEAS next year. Ta ta Michael. "If you don't have anything nice to say, then don't say anything at all."

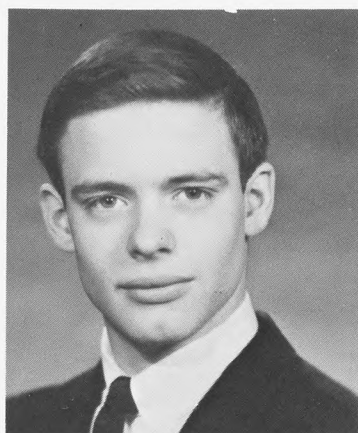
Form V



KENT COUSINS: Farm-boy, a J.P., was a deadly fella on the football field and you just don't go into corners with him on the hockey rink. Country Cuz also played volleyball. Kent hails from the land of the hills, Leader, Sask., and is the Roughrider's only hope.

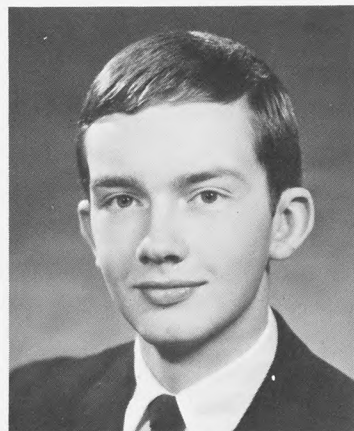


PETER HAMMOND: Pinky, another J.P., was a hefty addition to the football team until he hurt his shoulder. Wally played hockey, tanking around the ice, and after Physics is over for the year, he won't have any arm-hairs left, thanks to Honk.

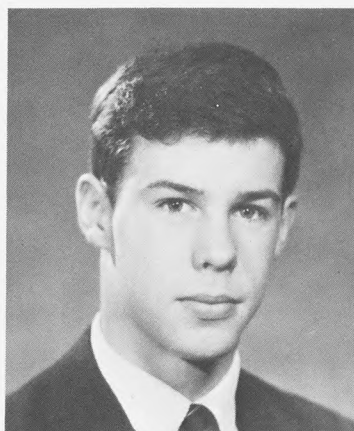


JAMIE McDONALD: Early on grim mornings, Frogs could be found hunting for flies for breakfast. He played football and basketball, and took part in many Track and Field activities. A hit with all the girls, he often kept his thoughts about them under his hat. Jock's brother could usually be heard long before he was seen. He was a J.P. (Jane's Pal), too.

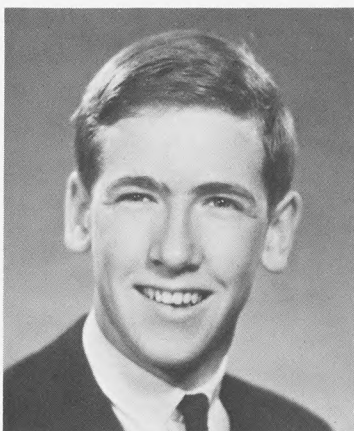
BILL COTTICK: Blocks was noted for his brilliant wit, cutting sarcasm, and control as a J.P. A write-up cad, CY played sr. football and basketball and was responsible for an antique portrayal of the Dansker in Billy Budd. Asked about girls, he murmurs: "Not for many years."



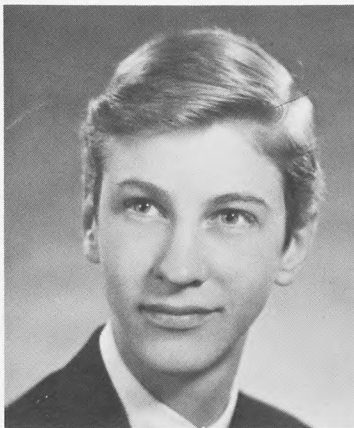
BILL GARDNER: After much thought, Bill decided to become a J.P. Bill has an L.T.D. Wrong-way Gardner was an understudy quarterback in sr. football, and played midget hockey, senior house football, and sr. House hockey. Bill has an L.T.D. Renowned for his fine '51 Plymouth (and his L.T.D.) and unusual bed-time hours, Coifi still managed to pull off one of the highest averages in the class.



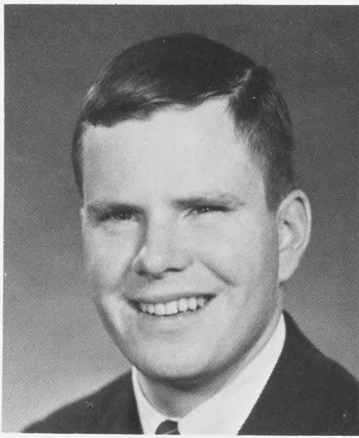
JOHN KIDDELL: Killer ran in the provincial Cross-Country and topped the midget hockey team in the scoring race. J.P. John was also a judo fan, who struck terror into the hearts of the Grade Eights. Neil's buddy, the two somehow never went on double dates.



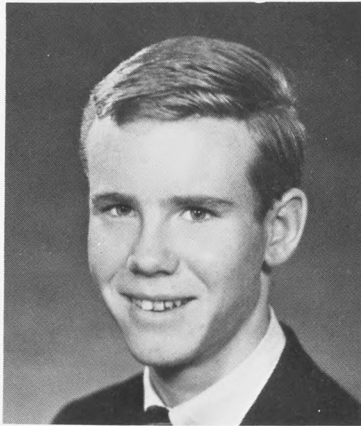
DOUG ARNETT: Arny was an extra sailor in Billy Budd, and was commonly heard saying 'hanging'. Leadfoot was on the Eagle Advertising staff and when he wasn't playing intra-mural volleyball, he was patronizing the Goodyear Tire Company. We expect big things from him next year.



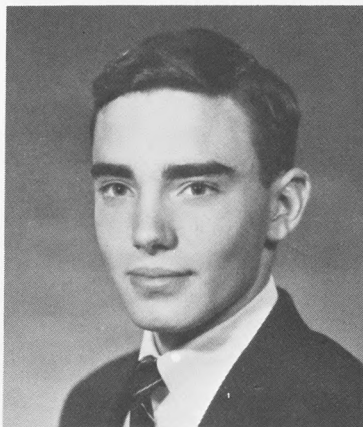
Graduates



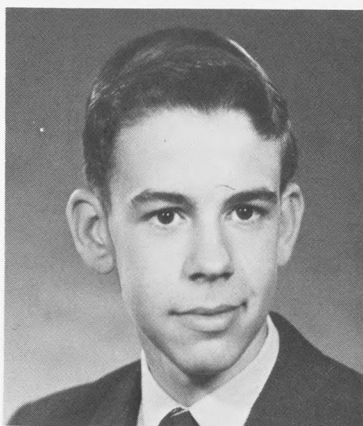
PAUL BELL: When Bobby wasn't playing senior hockey or Badminton, he was getting his lawn mowed, and in the course of it, he lost a lizard. PB, hailing from Calgary, is a bow-legged skier, but makes a big splash off the diving board.



ANGUS CAMPBELL: Not easily upset by trifling matters, Gus-Gus met every problem with detached coolness. Our bespectacled mouse played senior football and midget hockey . . . or was it midget football and senior hockey . . . or was it football hockey and senior midget . . . or was it . . .

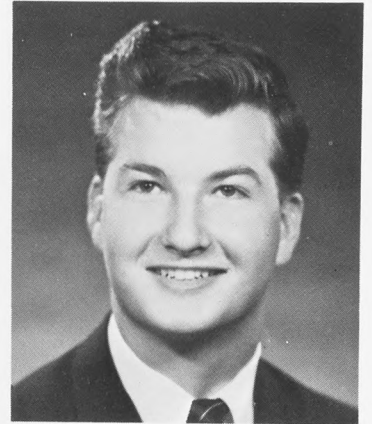


NEIL DUNCAN: Neil is sometimes happy, or so he tells us. He had a preference for Jeans this year, especially John's. Dunc squeaked out a great portrayal of a rum-soaked footpad from the old **Bailey** in Billy Budd. However, three cracked ribs have temporarily retired him from the stage.

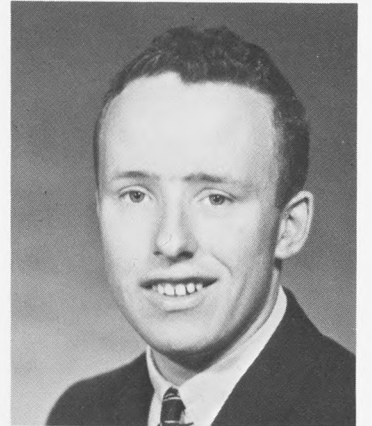


DAVID FITZJOHN: Charles Atlas Fitzwhat'shisname hurried home to his body-building equipment promptly at 3:17 every day. A soccer MAN, Fitz spent his off hours maintaining a high academic standing, and writing his own Maths. text.

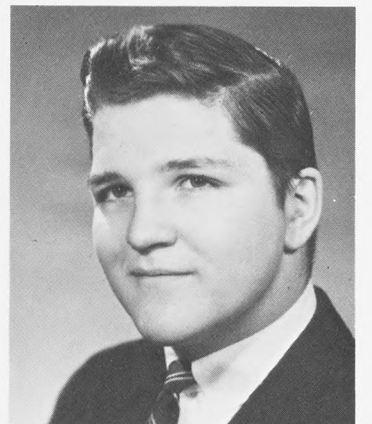
MICHAEL BROOK: Baby Huey packed a mean punch on the football line, this year, and was very hippy on the volleyball and basketball courts. Mike grew in an inverse proportion to his marks, but look out next June. (GRONK!).



BOB COLQUHOUN: SJR's only full-time-weekly-day-boy, Lurch took time out from winning medals skiing to come to some classes and exchange letters with the wife. Cooney was a senior soccer and part-time hockey buff. Noted for his "laugh", the enthusiastic Calka had many feuds with Brook.



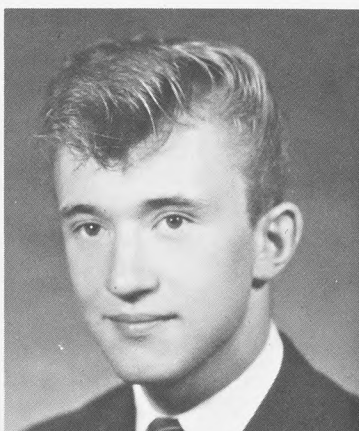
PETER FAHLGREN: Bow-wow returned to bless us for another year. He played a hard-hitting game of football, throwing his meat around on the line; Pete didn't frequent Chem. classes until around exam time.



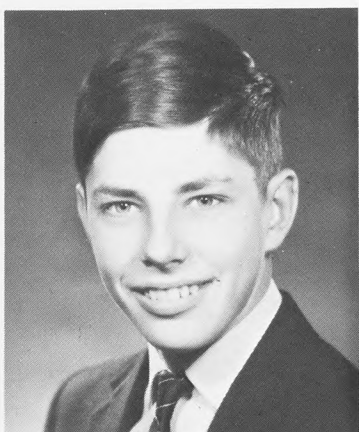
Form V



BILL GRAY: For some reason, Bumf was reputed to resemble a goat, but he firmly denies it. A member of the briefcase brigade, Bill played senior football and House football. He is a slow cautious driver (saves gas) who dives at the winter club, with Midge.

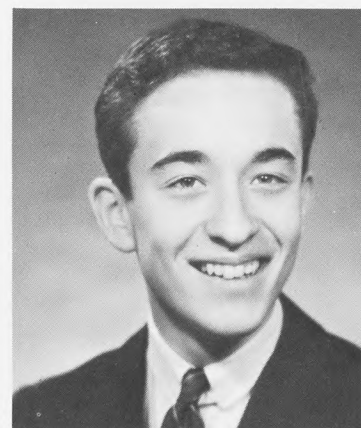


DON HONEYMAN: Hunk was a solid rock on the senior football team. He seemed to play both senior and midget goalie, and even made the score sheet when playing forward. Don played volleyball too, and our elite phoque was often seen flipping quatches or playing Crib.



GREG KLASSEN: A fast mover behind the wheel of his mustang, when it wasn't being repaired, Greg made many new friends in court this year. Clip-clop was another member of the briefcase brigade, and was prompt in his departure at 3:15. Being a true camel at heart, Greg tried to make it all the way to Ft. William without water.

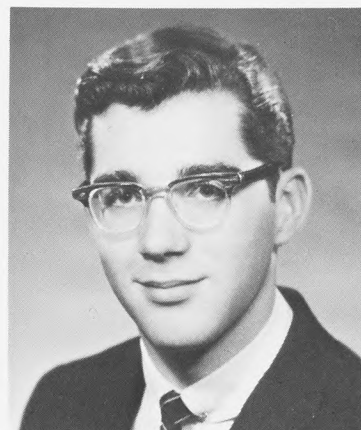
MARK GLASGOW: Scrag did an excellent job on the sets for Billy Budd. He seems to be more interested in movies than in sports, with the exception of the 25 meter dash to the house.



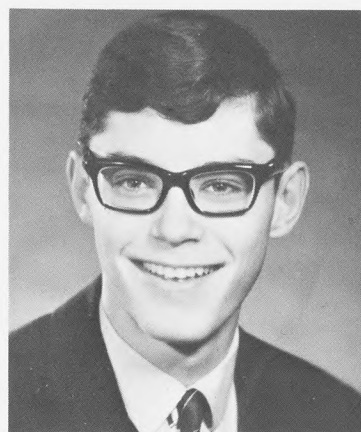
DEREK GREENIAUS: Goid tried out for volleyball, and excelled in sitting by the library, which served as a second home after ski trips, and also in the dash to the bus. Derek's talent showed on the soccer field, where he did a good job.



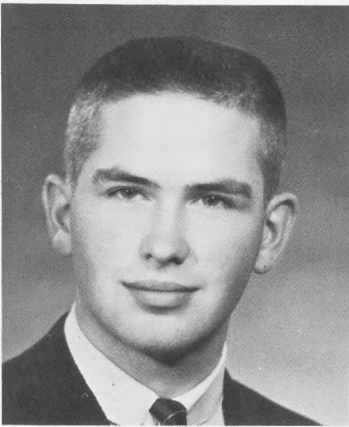
JOHN KIRBY: Strong and silent, Rip was peace-loving until he got behind the wheel of his gold Volkswagen. John played senior soccer and could also be seen jogging along with the Cross-country runners. He even tried a few practical jokes, until one tripped him up.



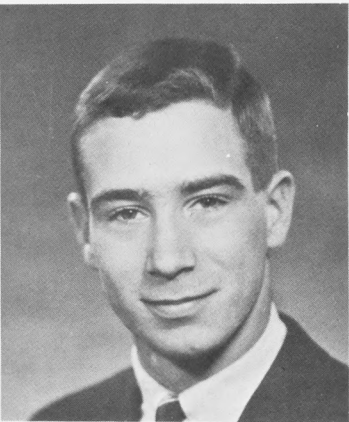
KERRY MAGNUS: Mag spent a great deal of his time this year vainly practising for the weekend poker games. Are there really five aces in the deck, Kerry? Beetle-brow played sr. football and practised for his future profession as a garbage man in midget hockey. His favorite saying: "I'll be a monkey's Uncle."



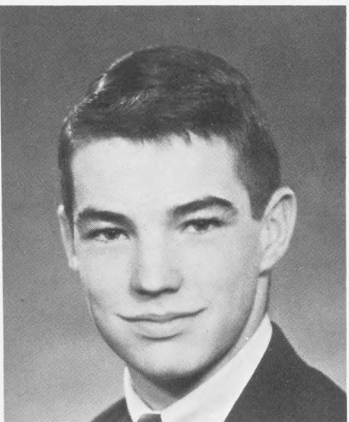
Graduates



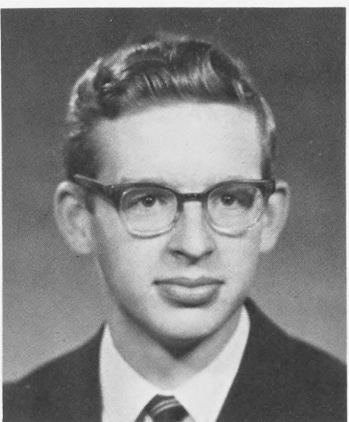
IAN MALCOLMSON: The only person who has a five o'clock shadow at eight in the morning. No Beard was revealed as a 009 man by Mr. Waudby during a Maths exam. A good skier, Ian's only trouble was getting all wrapped up in himself. He also played senior soccer.



MUIR MEREDITH: Guano warmed the bench in many sports, such as basketball and football. Spit-kit was the black eye of Billy Budd, and played volleyball. Moo received many scars while dragging the megaphone from the showers. He had a very Mary summer, prefers Alberta licenses although he now lives in Winnipeg.

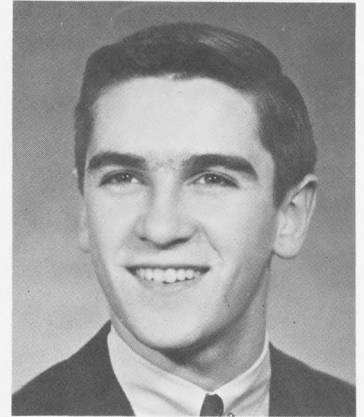


BOB McCASKILL: Dawson Creek's major contribution to the world, Mow always had his blades sharpened. Flapper played Bantam football, was the star of both senior and intermediate basketball teams, and was beaten up in Billy Budd. Our happy Bunny could usually be found crawling around the rafters, or visiting the ice-box, and he also helped with many write-ups.

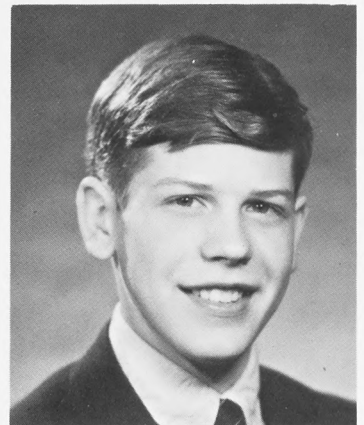


MACDONALD, JIM: Jim grows in the elite Form V dorm, and loves Physics and Cribbage. Jim organised the intramural volleyball, and frequented the poolroom. Red was on the Advertising staff, and when he wasn't at Tuxedo Billiards, he supplied Thompson House with cards.

DAVID McBEATH: Meg played football and hockey, and was heard braking down the hall every day. Mono was a member of the elite dorm, and had an affinity for ditches when Nancy was near. Reverb quotes car specs. in his sleep, and does power shifts daily between Thompson House and Hamber Hall.



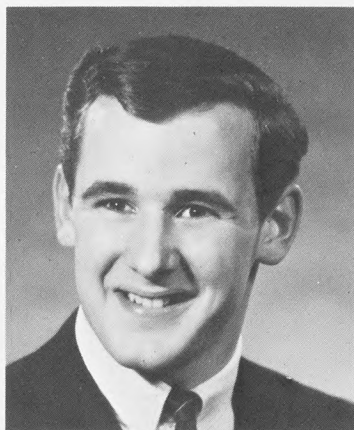
JOHN McCALL: Tex evaded most school activities, but not Midge and skiing which sometimes seemed to go together. John seemed to forget Out Scouts as well as assignments, and was another bus-race competitor. He hails from Tuxedo, but thinks Metro's best.



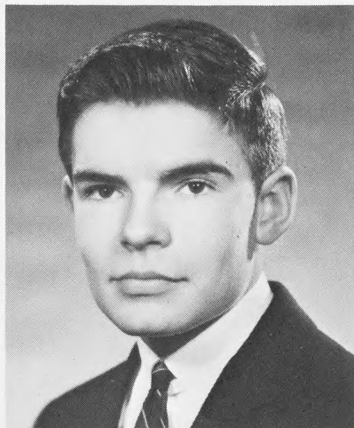
DOUG MACDONALD: Louie was kept busy running the hockey shop, but also managed to spend a little time revising the English language. Doug comes from Kitimat, where the lumberjacks live, and where they make almuninaminum. Lou played a great season of intermediate basketball, which he also tried to revise.



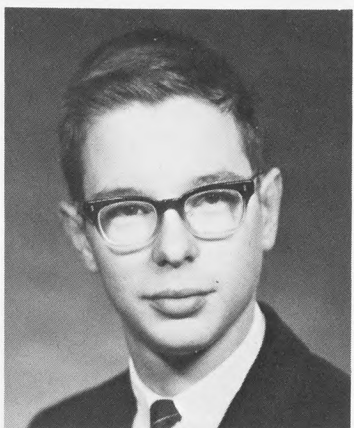
Form V



JIM NEAL: Jim made himself noticed at Chem classes and was Mr. Gorrie's famed Jimmy.' His black subject is Physics, but if he works at it, he will pass. He was known to associate with a well-known St. Paul's swinger; we expect to see him back next year although he is becoming a Day Boy in Third Term.

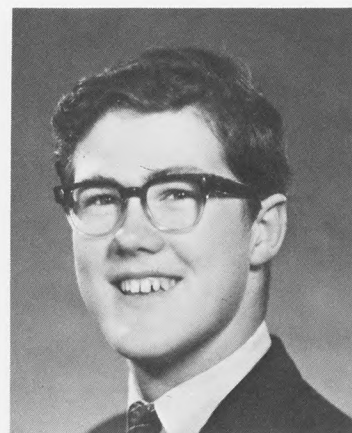


BOB PILBROW: Our late-comer had a grim start, but he soon was inspired by his Lit. classes. Pill spent most of his time getting books from his dorm, and reading Lurch's mail, but he also did some History notes. Pretzel will soon be moving to Winnipeg from Regina, lucky boy.

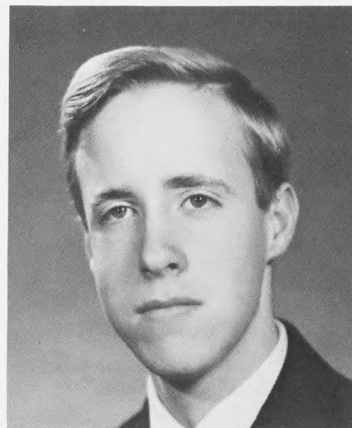


ELLIOT RODGER: A rather reserved member of the Vth, Elliot was a good friend of Fitzjohn and Glasgow. Fungus had an egg thrown at him, and didn't like it. Strawberry also worked on the Billy Budd sets.

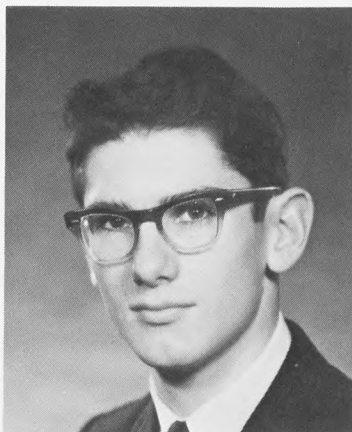
JOHN NANSON: Flash was seldom seen without a camera in hand. John did the Yearbook photographs, commuting on the odd field trip between class and the Darkroom. A favorite of the masters, he played senior football and was responsible for many unusual shots.



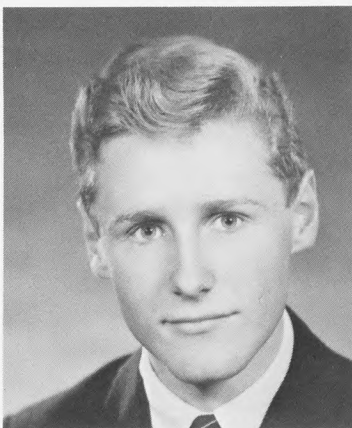
DAVID NICHOLS: David 'B' broke all records sprinting for home, because, quote "the atmosphere's better." Mozart will soon turn pro, but he's waiting for the right moment to say "Yes" to one of the many agents asking for his services. Keep up the good work Dave.

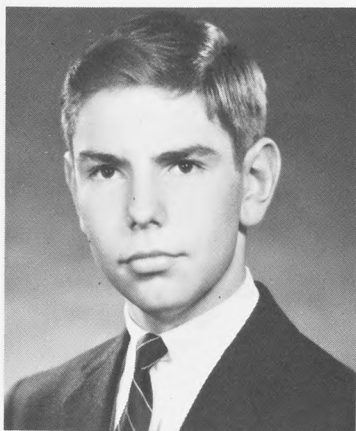


IAN RANKIN: Ian is a rod-der of epic proportions, who occasionally relaxes by driving from the back seat. Stilt played senior soccer, high-jumped after a fashion, and loped about in the Cross-Country. He also managed to keep the masters on their toes with many alert and pertinent questions.



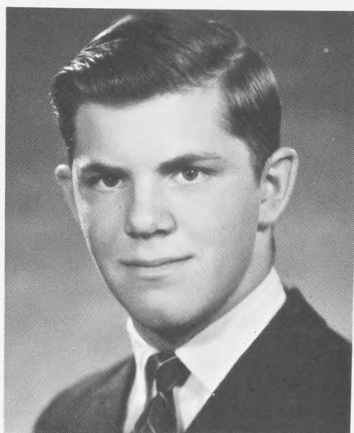
PETER SCHLUDERMAN: Another Volkswagen man, Sludge also took time out to be Lurch's stiffest rival on the ski-slopes. Pete played senior soccer and senior House soccer, ran in the Cross-Country races, and partook in many Track and Field activities. Super-ski and Lurch regularly cleaned out the silverware at skiing competitions.





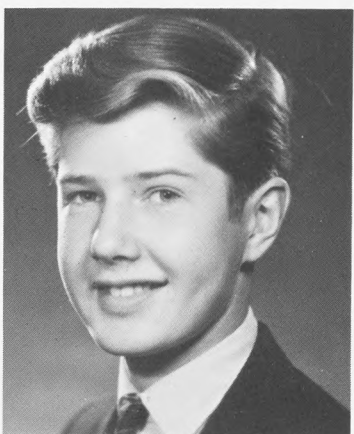
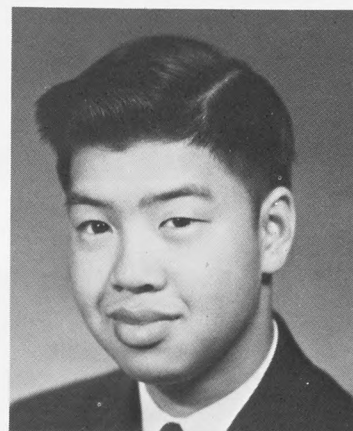
PAUL SCHMIDT: A high-ranking member of the briefcase brigade, Butterball could usually be seen rolling home soon after 3:15. Paul played senior soccer and took an interest in reptile life. Why are the hamburgers at the Salisbury House so terrible during the summer, Paul?

AARON SCHWARTZ: Captain Vere was a busy man this year, taking time off from being at the top of the class to make a television appearance, steward the buses, and make Billy Budd a success. Aaron also played soccer and looked after the Chem. Lab.



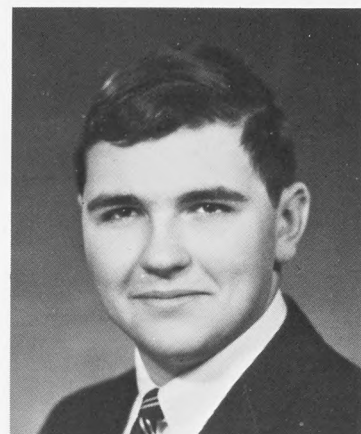
ROBERT STOVEL: Super-Shuffler excelled at the card-table, proving that he had talent in something else besides Badminton and Chem. Bob thought he had a hot car, but Arny disproved this. Practise, Bob, soon you will perfect the shuffle from the bottom. Good luck.

GARRY TOY: Garry played football and basketball this year, and struggled through Physics, at the same time beating off such attackers as Nanson and Brooks. However, in revenge, John produced a secret weapon, and Garry was flooded out.



PAUL TRUELOVE: Handsome Paul played a little soccer this year, and carried his briefcase around. A St. Vital MAN, Paul's enthusiasm brought him to school early each morning. Noted for his shuffle, he managed to stay close to the top of the class.

DAVID WATTAM: Ookpik, our Eskimo ambassador, was a "full-fledged" member of the Butter's Club. A pool shark and a football star, (words cannot describe his talent) he hibernated during the winter, often letting Wilson sweep. We expect Slim to rumble along, setting new Track records this Spring.



BOB WEIR: Bob did a great job on the football team as center, and also proved himself useful at defense in sr. hockey. Cicero (snort!) I n t e r m e d i a t e b a s t u c k e d a w a y m u c h a t l u n c h , a n d w a s P i p e - M a j o r i n C a d e t s . G o o d l u c k n e x t y e a r a t C a r l e t o n .

PAUL WILSON: Yank's athletic activities were limited by an injured back, but he played a good season of I n t e r m e d i a t e b a s k e t b a l l . P a u l ' s r o m a n t i c i n t e r e s t s c e n t e r e d a r o u n d t h e b a r n y a r d , b u t h e ' s s t i l l t r y i n g . T h e i n t e r n a t i o n a l c o m m u t e r h a i l s f r o m t h e w e l l - k n o w n m e t r o p o l i s o f N e w T o w n , N . D . T a k i n g o n t h e r e s p o n s i b i l i t y o f E d i t o r n e x t y e a r , w e k n o w t h a t W i l l y i s e q u a l t o t h e t a s k .



Red River Scholars



Randy Paul, Bob McCaskill, Edward Orton, Bill Gardner, Mr. Gordon, Chris Gunn, David Fitzjohn, Mike Trew, Aaron Schwartz, Mark Jackman, Michael Payne, Blair Carlson. **Missing:** Michael Fox.

The Red River Scholarship scheme, if not still in its infancy, is containly in its very early childhood, and requires all the encouragement and nourishment we can give it.

It is, I believe, the most exciting and most significant undertaking in which we are involved. We are not primarily making an effort to bring to this school talented boys who could not afford to come here except on a scholarship. Our objective is to bring to this school boys of ability in many fields from many places—boys who will come to gain and to give for and of themselves in making the school a national institution.

We have not yet had time to build a record. We are still in the experimental stage. We need a great deal more money to realize our hopes. We have, however, made a good start, and we do have Red River Scholars in all grades of the Upper School. They have been given to understand that on their shoulders rests, in large

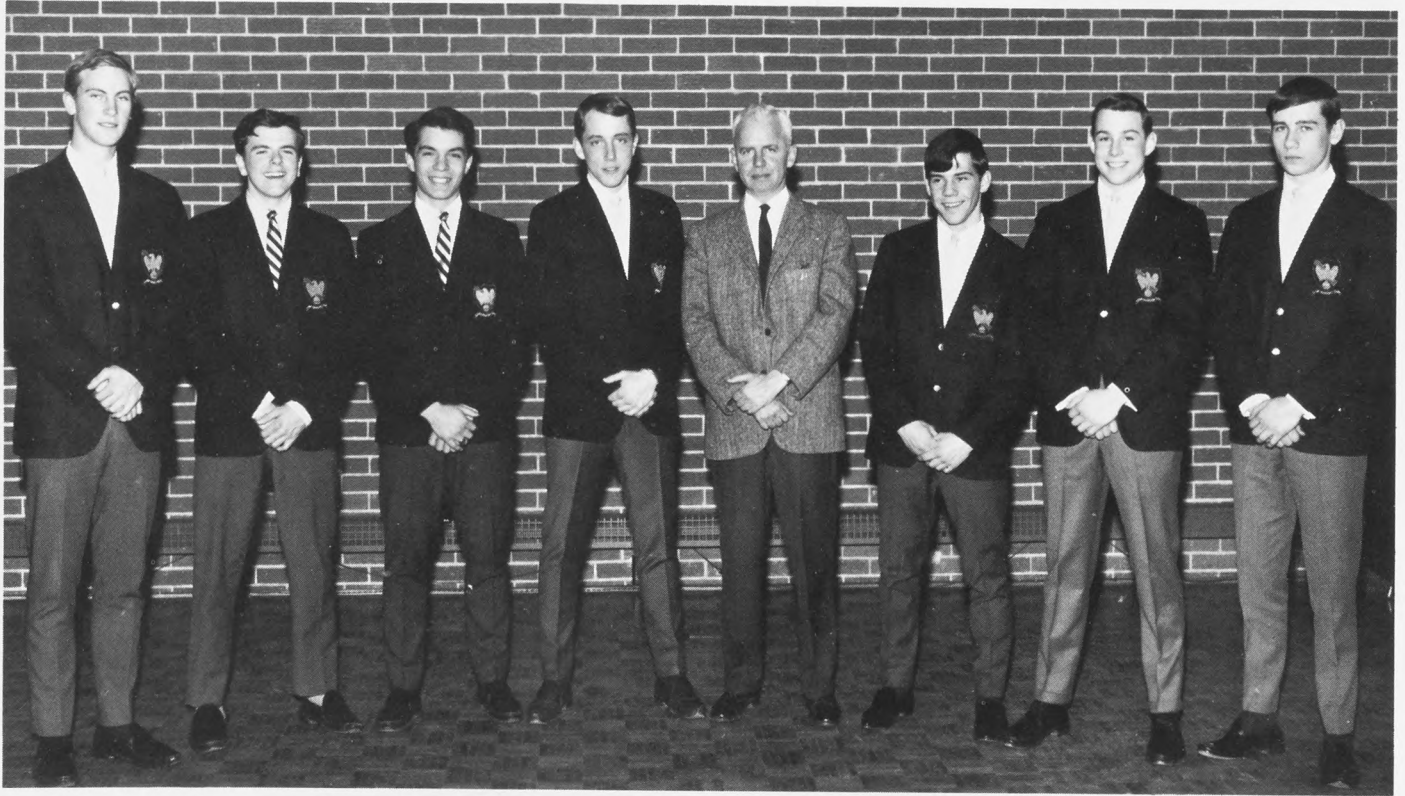
measure, the future of these scholarships. They are the pioneers.

Raising money for scholarships has, of necessity, had to take second place to the raising of money for necessary buildings, but now that we are nearing the completion of our building projects, I very much hope that we can gain more support for the future of this scheme. In time, I feel sure, Red River Scholars will themselves contribute generously but we are some years away from this source of funds.

I think that we can build a national school in the center of Canada. I think that Red River Scholars can help do it. At the time of writing this, we are inviting boys to apply for scholarships for next year. The response has been most encouraging, with interested enquiries coming in from right across the country.

—R. L. Gordon, Headmaster.

Prefects



Arnett, Purdy, Lamb, Funnell, Mr. Gordon, Hunter, Matthews, Everett.



Balanced on a pin-point.

School Captain's Report

Four years ago, when I arrived at the beginning of my first term at S.J.R., I didn't know quite what to expect from boarding school life. I had heard stories, but they were soon dispelled when I learned to know and understand the system of the school. At that time I was all wide-eyed and curious, and never imagined that I would have the honour of this position four years later. As the years passed on, new schemes were brought into the routine of the school. A new and stylish uniform was one, Red River Scholarships another; three years ago, the boys took over a large portion of the cleaning duties, and during the summer holidays, the new Lower School building was started. The staff was at full complement this year, some experienced, but some like myself, still learning a new job. A year for a play, the school put on *Billy Budd*, in very fine fashion. Not faring as well in sports as in other fields, the teams put on very good shows, and the new scheme introduced by Mr. McLeod took us from the crying towel. Indeed, his plan for a New York tour was eagerly accepted. At the time this went to press, everyone going on the tour was eagerly looking forward to the Easter Holidays.

Junior Prefects



Gardner, Kiddell, Cottick, Hammond, McDonald, Cousins.

Looking back over my time at the school, I realize that it has done a great deal for me, and I hope that I have done a sufficient amount in return for it. The position has been a very great honour to hold down for a year, and when things became a little stiff, I never felt uneasy because I knew that I had a top-notch crew of Prefects and fellow-students to fall back on. With this in mind, I would like to thank everyone who made this possible for me, it has been a wonderful experience.

—Derek Funnell
School Captain



Wait until she hears this!



The Upper School

SPORTS



Senior Football



Back: Mr. Bredin, Golightly, Weir, Toy, Meredith, Fahlgren, Neal, Wattam, Sanders, Gray, McDonald, Nanson, Honeyman. **Middle:** Bourk, Macdonald D., Cottick, Weir, McBeath, Brook, Freed, Cousins, Campbell, Gardner, Walton, Hartley, Hunter. **Front:** Lamb, Sprague, Hammond, Fraser, Moncrieff, Boulton, Arnett, Matthews, Roper.

Funnell

Purdy



Arnett—Off. Tackle + Def. L.B.

Except for one fault—occasionally overshooting an opposition end-runner instead of hunting him down with last-second caution—Randy's off. and def. play made a flawless final year.



Boulton—167—Off. Guard + Def. L.B.

Capable all-round, superbly fit, and wonderfully even-tempered. For up-coming Bantams, a model sportsman and footballer.



Bourk—149—Halfback

Not strong defensively, Stoney had good speed around the end, but just wasn't given enough opportunity to display it.



Brook—210—Off. Guard + Def. Center

After a slow start, Mike took over first line center defense; we never did get to a successful 5-4-3 based on Mike, but it ought to be possible next year.



Campbell—Def. End

Angus had a go at def. and in practices as Tertiary; he looked a bit clumsy and uncertain, but never fearful; so much willingness and determination has to come into its own in September.



Cottick—154—Def. End

Eager, but not experienced enough to nail down a permanent defensive spot; Bill could "block" well enough, but lacked the savvy to pick up where the opposition play was headed.



Cousins—180—O. Tackle + L.B.

The best defender and tackler on the team, and a first-rate offensive lineman; if he can beef up his weight without losing his speed, Kent could really pulverize opposition backs of all sizes.



Everett—150—O. End + L.B.

Bill wasn't a strong blocking end, but he could catch pretty well. Generally he turned in a competent watching effort at corner, and did an outstanding def. job in a couple of games.



Fahlgren—175—O. + D. Center

Fair agility and speed for a square shape, when he was up Pete was very good, especially defensively, but his work wasn't consistently alert and aggressive; lots of undeveloped drive and skill here for next season.



Fraser—193—Halfback + L.B.

An excellent plunging back, but the ball wasn't always firmly locked up; Clark played well anywhere along the line and with real brilliance on def. end; a very talented competitor.



Freed—130—Halfback + Tertiary

Small, but explosive; his speed and agility should give the '65 squad end-run power; also a brilliant tertiary defender, Sam makes "the bigger they are the harder they fall" come true.



Funnell—155—O. End + Def. Cor.

Derek had a good pair of catching hands but wasn't quite rugged or big enough to cope with blocking chores; a passable defender and spirited hollerer guy.

**Gardner—148—Quarterback**

Third string quarterback and the whole point of the year was preparation for '65. Bill ran the wrong way, threw the wrong way, and made lots of mistakes to laugh at and learn from. If his play in the House series was next season's indication, then the team has a promising player.

**Golightly—Halfback + L.B.**

A great chunking bull of a runner, he could — if he works to acquire speed, stamina and deception—set up next year's offence. He's tough on defence, too. A football coach's dream player.

**Gray—Def. End**

Another learner stationed at end and tertiary where he could see the flow of the game, Bill has the chance to play full-time in the Fall.

**Hammond—185—O. Centre + Guard + L.B.**

A frustrated back himself, that's why he mashes 'em so; still he opens great gaping holes through and will start earlier this year to get his shin muscles on a par with all the others.

**Hartley—165—Halfback + Tertiary**

A top end-runner with more than average speed and very shifty in the open field; a reliable punt returner; not used too much on tertiary—where he was a sure defender—for these reasons.

**Honeyman—165—D. Tackle**

Popped into this slot in a practice, Don proceeded to cut down all the blockers and ball-carriers that came his way; he did the same in games; a loose-ball hawk and apparently indestructible guy.

**Hunter—148—O. Guard + D. Corner**

A small tough package; too light and slow to handle the cor. def. with maximum security, but entirely reliable at off. guard and one lineman who came up with that second downfield block.

**Lamb—150—Halfback + Tertiary**

The fastest man on the team and in fact our only dangerous scoring threat, Craig made some exciting runs and tremendous punts, but an easy-going individualist, he played in offensive spurts and didn't give the team the steady life and fire it should get from all graduates.

**Macdonald, Doug—136**

Doug didn't make game grade, but he has fair speed, he can catch; although he is lean and light, if he steels his courage, he has end run and tertiary potential.

**McDonald, Jamie—159—Halfback + D. Corner**

The football isn't sticky enough for Jamie to catch, but he has more than average speed, powerful leg-drive and will be a top-notch back; a first string defender at corner tertiary.

**McBeath—146—O. End**

Another first year senior who saw enough game and practise to learn the demands of football and to make a real contribution next season.

**Matthews—172—Q'Back + Corner L.B.**

The coach spoiled Rick's chances for a red-hot offensive year by moving him from punting back to the quarter-spot; but the ability to run, throw, and take charge was there although it didn't develop fully. A first-class defender, excluding the fault of sometimes roll-blocking instead of shoulder-tackling.

**Meredith—168—D. End**

A learning year at defensive end and punt returns in practices, Muir ought to be a regular next Fall.

**Moncrieff—145—Quarterback + Tertiary**

Monty didn't enjoy the general q'backing success this year that he deserved, for which there may be a host of reasons; but his individual offensive running and tackling were of the highest calibre.

**Nanson—171—D. Tackle**

John played remarkably well for his first year with the senior team; he has astonishing strength and is fiercely competitive; good backbone for the next squad.

**Neal—173—O. Guard + D. Centre**

A centre defender and entirely satisfactory in dealing with heftier opposition; bemused Jim just outfights them; his third year should be outstanding.

**Purdy—145—O. End**

Another sure-handed end who with Everett and Funnell, the coach thought would give the team a working pass attack, and the hope was that all three would learn to hold a block firmly and long enough around the ends. Neither attack developed successfully.

**Roper—179—Halfback + Cor. Def.**

Perhaps the most reliable work-horse of the team, a quick-hitting, ground-gaining plunger, an effective blocker, a stand-in quarterback, a rock-like defender on the corner or behind centre, a staunch team-man.

**Sanders—167—D. End**

Bob found his spot midway through the season—defensive end—and guarded the position as well as anyone else ever has, even with a broken hand.

**Sprague—173—O. + D. Tackle**

Modest, soft-spoken, and quiet in manner, but quick, strong and relentless on the field, defensively or offensively, Stu could play first string on any high school team.

**Toy—156—Corner Defense**

Garry learned a lot in practices and was beginning to uncover a genuine flair towards the end of the season; with some additional weight and a summer's striving for speed, there could be a regular halfback and corner man here.

**Walton—187—Halfback**

Mike never really let himself go and inhibited what could have been long, long gains through the line; not from lack of drive but lack of experience; a creditable first year performance.

**Wattam—191—O. Guard + D. Centre**

A solid, stolid lineman, roundly proficient at centre defense; more drive-out thrust needed to do as well at offence, but for those arches he could be an offensive plunging back.

**Weir—193—O. Guard + D. Centre**

A thinking, self-made and confident footballer, improved as much this year as last because he always worked to find out why he got beaten; a very difficult body to dislodge; a firm anchor at centre.



COACH'S REPORT

Defensively, using the top eighteen players, the '64 squad was as capable as any the school has fielded. Offensively the team was limited; mainly it lacked driving, accelerating backfielders. A passing attack existed in name only; the end run, unlike previous years, was relatively ineffective, likely because of poor fakes, and definitely because of unfulfilled blocking and failing to head upfield, but the guards, tackles, and plunging backs gave the team its consistent gains.

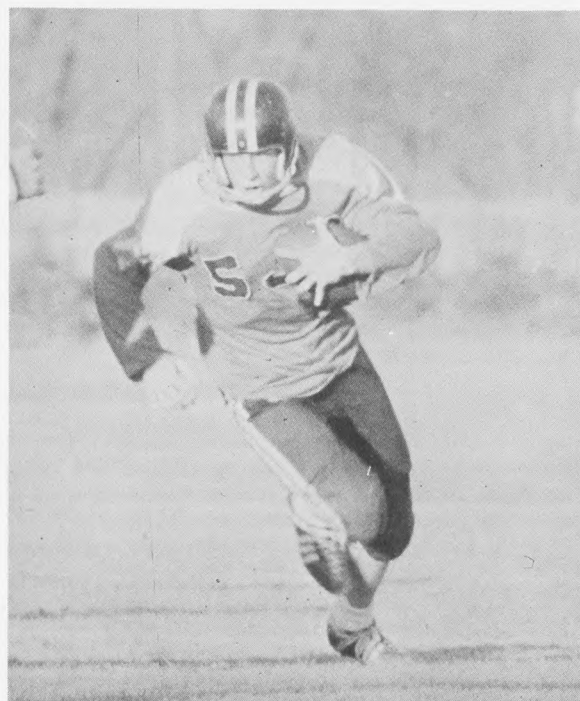
However, three accidents and injuries did prevent the "green Machine" from showing a very definite seasonal improvement. The key game was against St. James on the Fathers' and Sons' Weekend. The loss of two prime plunging backs just before the opening whistle and of a third within five minutes of starting shattered a carefully practised offense.

Every rugby season has its compensations, and in '64 practice weather was gorgeously warm and sunny; there were more players than ever before to keep busy, and tougher problems to struggle with. But the deepest impression is of a remarkably co-operative, team-centered group, a community of players.



S.J.R. vs. ST JAMES

Although regular league play between S.J.R. and St. James until late in the season, an exhibition game was arranged so that the two teams could gain experience against each other. The first half of the games consisted of hard-hitting defensive play with no scoring. Early in the second half, however, St. James received our kick-off and went down the field in six plays for a touchdown. Their convert attempt was blocked. S.J.R., not to be outdone, received the St. James kick-off and marched down the field. Craig Lamb ended the drive with an end run, carrying the ball over the St. James 25-yard line. The convert attempt went wide, and the game was tied, 6-6. The game remained tied until late in the fourth quarter when St. James kicked for a single, and the game ended in a disappointing 7-6 victory for them.



S.J.R. vs. PORTAGE

Portage started things off with a sustained drive from midfield, which gave them an unconverted touchdown, the second time they got the ball. The rest of the half was a well-matched battle and ended with S.J.R. holding Portage on a first down at the six-yard line.

S.J.R. came back strong after the half, and controlled the ball for most of the third quarter, but was unable to score. The fourth quarter was fairly even although Portage made a 70-yard drive which ended in a converted touchdown to add to their score. The game ended 13-0 for Portage.

S.J.R. vs. ST. JAMES

Down twelve points in the second game of a two game total point series, and with five losses behind us, Mr. Bredin fielded the best team possible. The team was unable to keep up the drive it started with, and although we moved the ball consistently, we could not score. St. James took the lead in the first quarter with two unconverted touchdowns, adding a converted T.D. in the second quarter.

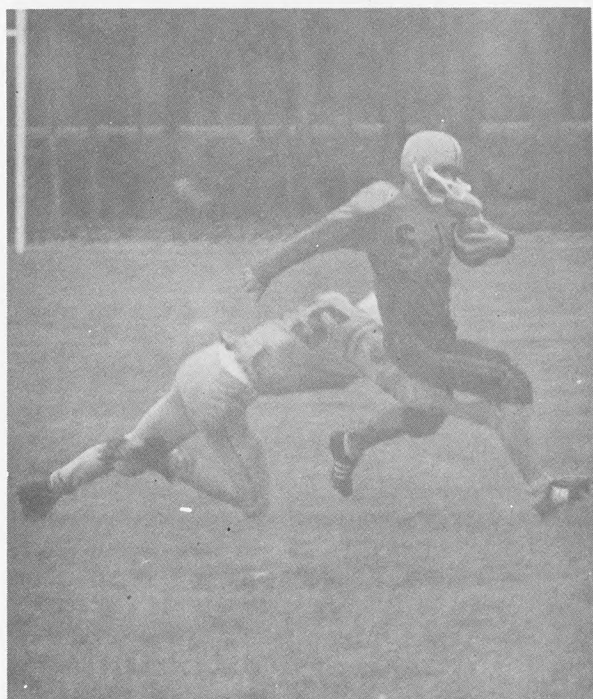
S.J.R. fought hard in the second half but could only gain a single point on a good punt by Lamb. St. James scored once more before the end of the third quarter to make the score 25-1. With no scoring in the last quarter, that's how the game went to St. James. While this last quarter seemed the best for our defense, the offense just couldn't click.



S.J.R. vs. GRANT PARK

To get more practice before the important games with St. James, Mr. Bredin arranged for a game with Grant Park. Rick Matthews opened the scoring when he crashed over the goal-line from the three-yard line, in the first quarter. The touchdown was converted by a pass Moncrieff to Hartley, who ran in from the ten-yard line. Grant Park scored their only touchdown of the first half on a long pass play. The half ended with a punt for a single by Craig Lamb, making the score 8-7 for us.

There was no further scoring until the fourth quarter when Grant Park faked a punt on their third down and ran in for a touchdown. Late in the quarter, Moncrieff completed a 25-yard pass to Sam Freed, for a touchdown. However, Monty missed the convert, and the game was tied 14-14. On the very last play of the game, the Grant Park quarterback passed to his halfback, who managed to kick for a single point, and ended the game in a 15-14 victory for Grant Park.



S.J.R. vs. PORTAGE

This time the seniors thought they were ready for Portage, but when the game got started, it soon became evident that they weren't. Portage capitalized on a fumble in the first quarter for a converted touchdown and had two more T.D.'s, one converted, before the half was over. Still spirited, and ready to go after half-time, the defense set to work to stop further scoring. This toughening up of the defense showed point-wise, for the Portage team managed to eke out only one converted touchdown in this half. However, our own offense still couldn't score and Portage took the game 27-0.



Bantam Football



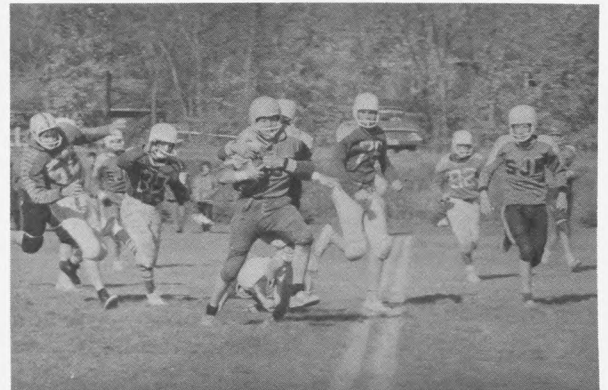
Back Row: Mr. Stemshorn, Fudge, Stethem, McKelvie, McEwen, Kiddell, Little, Leatherdale, McGee, Williams, Mr. Wellard. **Middle Row:** Davis, Semans, Jackman, Diamond, McCaskill, Read, Anderson, Lederman, Gall, Vinsky. **Front Row:** Riley, Mackay, Cox, Trew, Sprague, Ramsay, Simmons, Kilgour, Kelly. **Holding Ball:** Merrihew, Young.

This year's team sometimes displayed itself as the best team in its league and sometimes the worst. Inconsistency and other factors gave it a disappointing sixth place in an eight-team league. There was a lack of leadership, but mostly there were too few boys playing too much football and as a result we were not known as a "second-half" team.

The season began with a rousing game against Fort Garry, our last year's conquerors, and with a little more experience and some breaks we might have won. Although we lost 13-0 we fought hard and several Fort Garry players had to be helped off the field. Even after this we expected no lower than second place, and we managed to beat St. Boniface 7-6 even though five of our

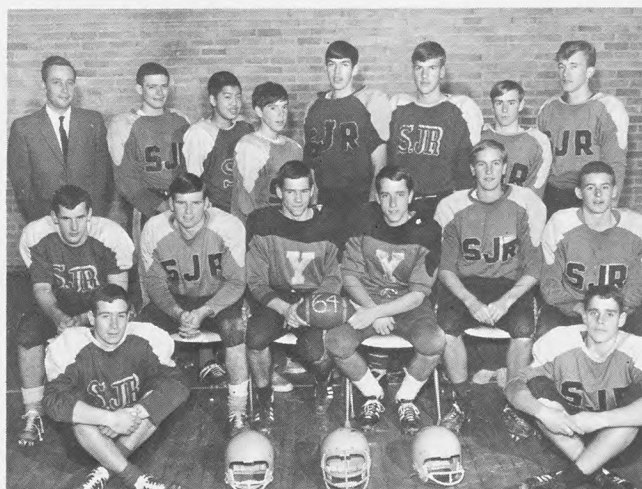
touchdowns were called back. Then the inconsistency began to show. We lost to Transcona 12-8 in the last minute after leading them 8-0 and on the Thanksgiving Weekend we beat Weston and Champlain 25-0 and 33-12 respectively. We played a poor game against the league champs, North Kildonan, losing 30-0. In the last game, all our frustrations of the year came to a head when we lost to St. Vital, 25-12. After this we lost our "fight" as well as several of our regular players and Weston beat us easily in the consolations. We thank Mr. Wellard and Mr. Stemshorn for their coaching.

Stand-outs during the season were Gall, Read, Trew, Cox, McCallum, Williams, Young and Lederman.



Senior House Football

In the hard-fought post season inter-House football league, Young House emerged victorious. It was evident that Young would beat Hamber even before the kick-off, and despite the opposition from "Battering Raam", Hamber's star player, and Bill "Stan" Gardner, who managed to baffle both teams with his running of a Power 50, Young shut down Hamber 6-0 to confirm this belief. The next game Young played was against the highly overrated Richardson squad. Al Graham proved he was no tenderfoot when it came to football by pulling an old Indian trick on the first play, leaving the Richardson boys flat-footed. Aided by "Bashful By", "Dazzling Der", and "Moving Rand", the rambling ends, Ian "Shadow" Hartley, and the "Man.Mountain" Hammond, "Y.A." Read pivoted the team to a 14-13 victory, and Young's most successful season.



Back Row: Mr. Ainley, McDonald, Toy, Read, Graham, Walton, Freed, Honeyman. **Middle Row:** Neal, Hammond, Hunter, Funnell, Arnett, Hartley. **Front Row:** Meredith, Gray.

Intermediate House Football



Back Row: McCallum, Davis, Lederman, Gall.
Front Row: Jackman, Cox, Young, McCaskill.

Another enjoyable and exciting House Football season was played this year with Hamber topping the league. After not having been scored upon in Soccer, Hamber pulled through without having a point scored against them in Football. Despite the fact that Richardson and Young House played well, Hamber proved itself the best of the three teams.

Everyone on the teams had a good time even though the games were played in mostly cold weather. There were the usual complaints, of the refereeing by the boys of the Senior Team, etc., but we must thank them for their hard work, and for their sometimes disputed decisions. All disagreements were forgiven and forgotten at the end of the games, and we all hope next year's season will be just as much fun, when Hamber House will return to defend its title.

Junior House Football

The Junior House Football teams consisted of the players who played Six-Man Football during the Fall. Each House played the other Houses once each; Hamber was highly favored to win. Young and Hamber played the first game, and Hamber won by a large margin. The next game, between Richardson and Hamber, was important in deciding whether or not Hamber would be the champs. Although Hamber was once again favored to win, Richardson managed to score a converted touchdown in the last half, gaining a narrow 7-6 victory.

Richardson then went on to beat Young, gaining itself the Junior House Football title.



Back Row: Colson, Willis, McCreath, Dodds, Thomas.
Front Row: Gemmell, Andison.

Senior Soccer



Back Row: Mr. Glegg, Schluderman, Rankin, Swan, Fox, Mr. Ainley.
Middle Row: James, Folinsbee, Macbeth, Graham, Sheen, Dodd.
Front Row: Colquhoun, Naiman, Graham.

The first game of the season was played at S.J.R. against last year's city champs and although the game was not as bad as the score would indicate, we had our worse moments, and lost 8-0. In our second game we came up against a rough Westwood team who beat us 6-0 in a hard-fought and hardly friendly game. In our third game, played at Silver Heights, we played much better, but seemed to fall off badly in the last minutes of the game and lost 6-0. Our last league game saw us at home, against Glenlawn, where we played by far our best game, and had it not been for a few unfortunate breaks, we might even have won. Sheen scored once for S.J.R., while Glenlawn scored five times.



On the Father and Son's Weekend, we played the Old Boys. An early goal by Graham and one for the Old Boys ended the half 1-1, but two later goals by Graham, one unanswered, led the school team to its first victory, 3-2.

A game was arranged between the Masters, confident of victory, and the school team, and after a hard-fought and rather humorous game, the Masters managed to gain a 0-0 tie, due mainly to the efforts of Mr. Sheperd who refereed.

Thanks to both Mr. Glegg and Mr. Ainley who coached us, and also to Jack, whose balancing acts entertained all.



Cross-Country



Back Row: Dunstan, Rankin, Graham, Dodd, Mr. Ainley.
Front Row: Graham, Kiddell, Schluderman, Kirby.

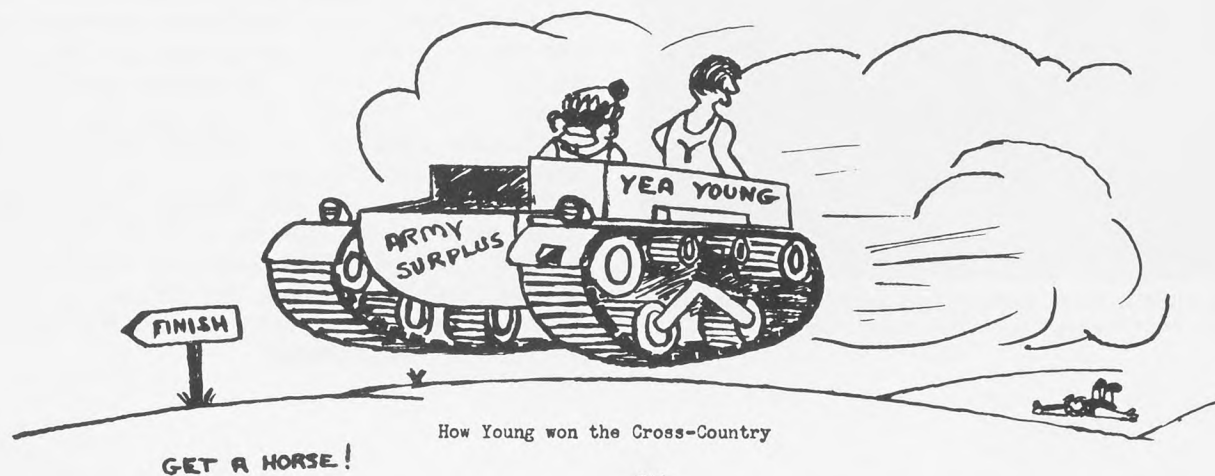
This year the school once again entered a team in the Clover Leaf Cross Country League, running every Wednesday, and scoring on a team basis, adding up the first five places on each team, the lowest score winning.

In the first race the team finished 4th over a $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile course at St. James, Graham coming 7th, Schluderman 14th, and Jackman 19th. We ran well over a $3\frac{1}{2}$ mile course at St. Vital on an extremely cold day, Graham coming first, Dunstan 4th, and Jackman 11th, and the team finished in second place. Our next race was over a 4 mile course at Charleswood, where the team came in 3rd with Dunstan 8th and Graham 18th. The last Clover Leaf race was over a 4 mile course at S.J.R. where we finished 2nd, Graham coming 3rd

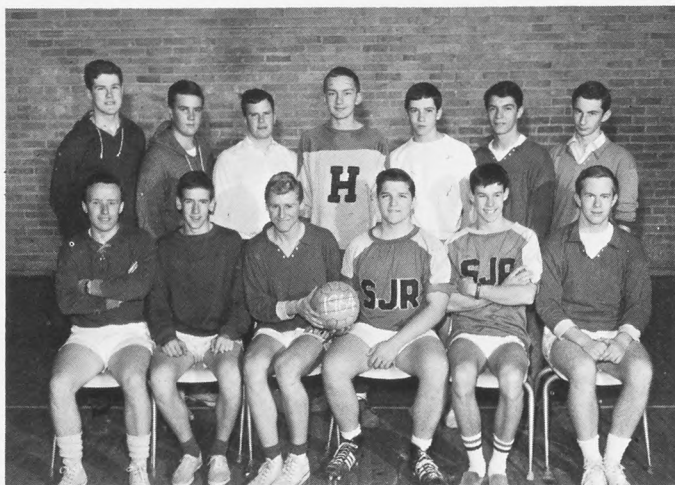
and Dunstan 7th, with Schluderman, Kiddell, Jackman, Kirby, Dodd, and Alastair Graham also running well. Overall we came 3rd in the league standing, narrowly missing 2nd place by four points.

At the end of October we ran at Neepawa, competing against schools from all over Manitoba as well as the city of Winnipeg. The day was cold, and the 3 mile course rough, being through bush, rivers, ploughed fields, and various other obstacles such as barbed wire fences. Graham came 14th, Dunstan 23rd, and the team finished 7th out of 17 teams.

Thanks go to Mr. Ainley for coaching and transportation, and particularly for the scenic drive to Neepawa.



Senior House Soccer



Back Row: Nansen, Weir, Bell, Cottick, Bourk, Lamb, James.
Front Row: Colquhoun, Kiddell, Schluderman, Fahlgren, Gardner, Sprague.

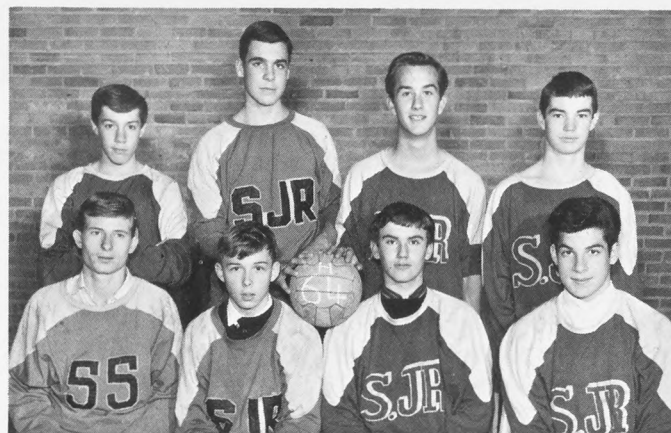
This year, Senior House Soccer was once again played after the regular football and soccer seasons were over. The teams were made up of both senior football and senior soccer players, making for some aggressive play. Because of the lateness of the season and the cold weather, there were only six games, each House playing each other House once.

In the first game, Hamber held Young to a scoreless tie, and then went on to miserably fluke an undeserved win against the obviously far superior Richardson House team. Richardson easily held Young to a tie game, and in effect, it thus won the title for Hamber House.

Junior House Soccer

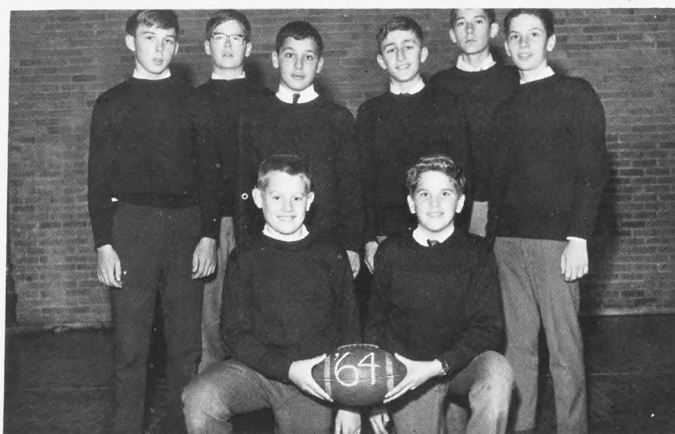
This was the first year that there was any real Junior House Soccer tournament. It was organized in exactly the same way as was Senior House Soccer, and due to the shortness of time that was left before Winter, each House only had time to play each of the other Houses once.

In the series, Hamber beat both Young and Richardson, earning itself first place, and the title. Richardson and Young played well, though, and in their game they fought to a tie.



Back Row: Jackman, Cox, Young, McCaskill. **Front Row:** McCallum, McCreanor, Davis, Lederman.

Six-Man Football



Back Row: McCreanor, Hutchings, Thomas, Hurst, Murray, Golwitzer. **Front Row:** Morris, Schoemperlen.

Six-Man Football experienced a fine year under the supervision of Mr. Macleod and Mr. Maloney. It was set up as a four-team league, each team having its own captain. The captains were Carlson, Nothstein, Edworthy, and Murray. A new five-team system was introduced midway through the season, but it was abandoned for the old one of four games a week. The league standings were pretty much the same throughout the year, and the season ended in a deadlock. The final game was scheduled to be played on the Fathers' and Sons' Weekend so that Fathers could see for themselves the tremendous skill of their sons in football. Murray's team emerged victorious, and thanks from the rest of the players go to Mr. Macleod and Mr. Maloney for all the time they gave to Six-Man Football.

Senior House Hockey

As usual, Hamber House overpowered all its opponents, and came through both rounds of House Hockey unscathed. Both Young and Richardson felt they might take the crown from omnipotent Hamber this year, but Hamber, with its combination of skill and determination (and a little help from Bill Ramsay, our number one draft choice from the Winnipeg Junior League) managed to win in spite of all. No doubt Hamber will continue its control over House Hockey in the future.

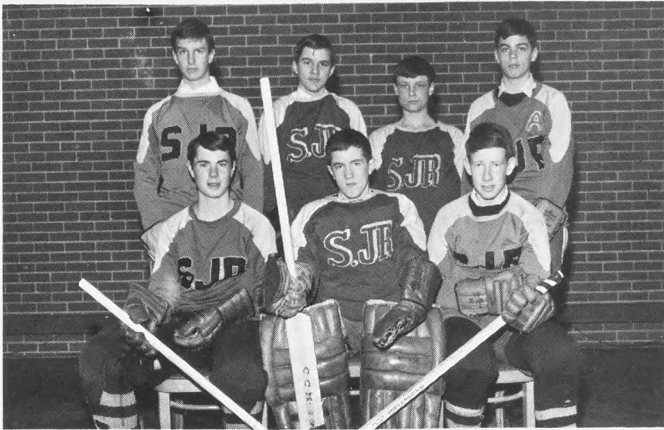
Scores:

| | |
|----------------|-------------|
| H. vs. Y. | 2-1 and 6-3 |
| H. vs. R. | 4-2 and 3-0 |
| R. vs. Y. | 1-6 and 2-7 |



Back: Magnus, Bourk, **Front:** Kiddell, Lamb, Gardiner, Everett, Bell.

Junior House Hockey



Back: Riley, Myers, McEwen, Smith. **Front:** Little, Leatherdale, Kiddell.

Only two games were played in the Junior House Hockey League this year. The first game, between Richardson and Hamber, was very close, with Richardson winning 5-4. It might have been closer, but Hamber didn't have its regular goalie. The second game, between Young and Richardson, was a different story. The Young House tribe scalped Richardson 18-2. No names will be given, so none of Richardson's team will be embarrassed. Because players did not come out for the Young-Hamber game, it was cancelled, and therefore the round was not finished. Young House was given the trophy in spite of this, because it looked as though they were the better squad.

Intermediate Basketball

Scores:

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| SJR vs. MBCI | 5-38 |
| SJR vs. Viscount | 31-22 |
| SJR vs. North Y. | 48- 7 |
| SJR vs. Edmond Partridge | 25-44 |
| SJR vs. Pembina Crest | 48-17 |
| SJR vs. Viscount | 32-22 |
| SJR vs. Viscount | 43-31 |
| SJR vs. St. Vital Y. | 47-36 |
| SJR vs. St. Vital Y. | 31-30 |
| SJR vs. Central Y. | 24-33 |
| SJR vs. East Kildonan Y. | 37-69 |



Back: Mr. Stemshorn, McCaskill, Wilson, Cox, Gall, Young, Mr. Petrencik. **Front:** Toy, Dunstan, Willis, Davis.

Senior Hockey



Back: Mr. Hammond, Lamb, Matthews, Bourk, Everett, Boulton, Weir, Cousins, Roper, Graham, Mr. Bredin.
Front: Hartley, Hammond, McBeath, Hunter, Funnell, Bell, Moncrieff.

This year the Senior team entered a four-team league consisting of Assiniboia Residential School, St. Boniface College, St. Paul's College and ourselves. Because of cold weather at the beginning of the season, the team was able to get a week of practise under Mr. Bredin at two exhibition games before the Christmas holidays. After the holidays, the league got into full swing. After an initial tie with SBC, the team seemed to have difficulty putting anything together, and consequently lost quite a few games by one goal. The team worked hard to improve, but we unfortunately hit our peak in the final game against St. Paul's, where we lost the two-game total point playoff by one goal in overtime. The team played its final game against the star-laden Old Boys Squad, and after a very close, hard-fought game, they managed to squeak out a win in overtime.

All in all, it was quite an enjoyable season, with the team being helped by Bob Roper, our top scorer, Al Graham, with his tomahawk slapshots, Paul Bell's numerous shots from just inside the blueline or 185 degrees to the net, and Peter Hammond's fairly solid body checks.

In closing, we would like to thank Mr. Hammond for his support during the games, and Mr. Bredin for his work in practise, teaching the team many skills which we lacked, but by the end of the season, managed to obtain, with the aid of his teaching.



Man, that's real 'House spirit.



Hamber as usual.

Midget Hockey



Back: Kiddell, Sanders, Gall, Gardner, Mr. Bredin. **Front:** Campbell, Magnus, Honeyman, Everett, Williams.

This year the Midgets were in a private school league, consisting of St. Boniface, St. Paul's, Assiniboia, and ourselves. The school began very well, playing nine games in all, winning five and tying three, and giving us second place before the playoffs. Unfortunately we weren't able to enter them because Easter exams were too close at hand.

Honeyman was outstanding in front of the net, the only rookie goalie of the year to score a goal. Kiddell, Magnus, McCallum, and Brekke were also outstanding, both off the ice and on. We thank Mr. Bredin for his coaching.

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| SJR vs. Assiniboia | 3-0 |
| SJR vs. St. Paul's | 4-2 |
| SJR vs. CSB | 3-0 |
| SJR vs. Assiniboia | 2-1 |
| SJR vs. St. Paul's | 0-0 |
| SJR vs. CSB | 1-1 |
| SJR vs. Assiniboia | 4-7 |
| SJR vs. St. Paul's | 3-2 |
| SJR vs. CSB | 4-4 |



Bantam A Hockey



Back: Mr. Ainley, Myers, Semans, Boulton, Smith. **Front:** Riley, Little, Leatherdale, Morton, Kiddell.

The Bantam A team started off with three ties and a loss. The loss was expected as the first place team was being played. All three of the ties would have been wins, but goals were scored against us in the dying minutes of each of the games. However, a win against Tuxedo put us in a strong enough position to give the team a chance to get into the city finals. Two losses weakened our position, but a winning game against River Heights gave us back our old spirit. Only one more point was needed to get the team into the playoffs; but a home game was lost to Fort Garry, and that was the end of another season. The team played only one exhibition game, against the Oriole Community Club. It looked like the game was ours, but in the last five minutes, they scored three goals.

Peter Bowes led the scoring race, with Jamie Little, Dennis Riley and Doug Kiddell close behind. Paul Leatherdale, the goalkeeper, did a fine job.

In closing, the team would like to thank Mr. Ainley and Bill Ramsay for coaching and managing the team this year. Many thanks go to Mrs. Ainley for the team dinner.



Bantam B Hockey

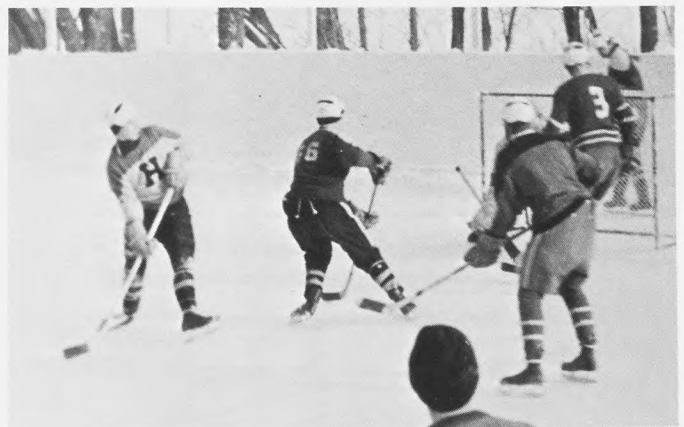


Back: Mr. Wellard, Lewis, McCreanor. **Front:** Richardson, Flintoft, Newbound, McEwen.

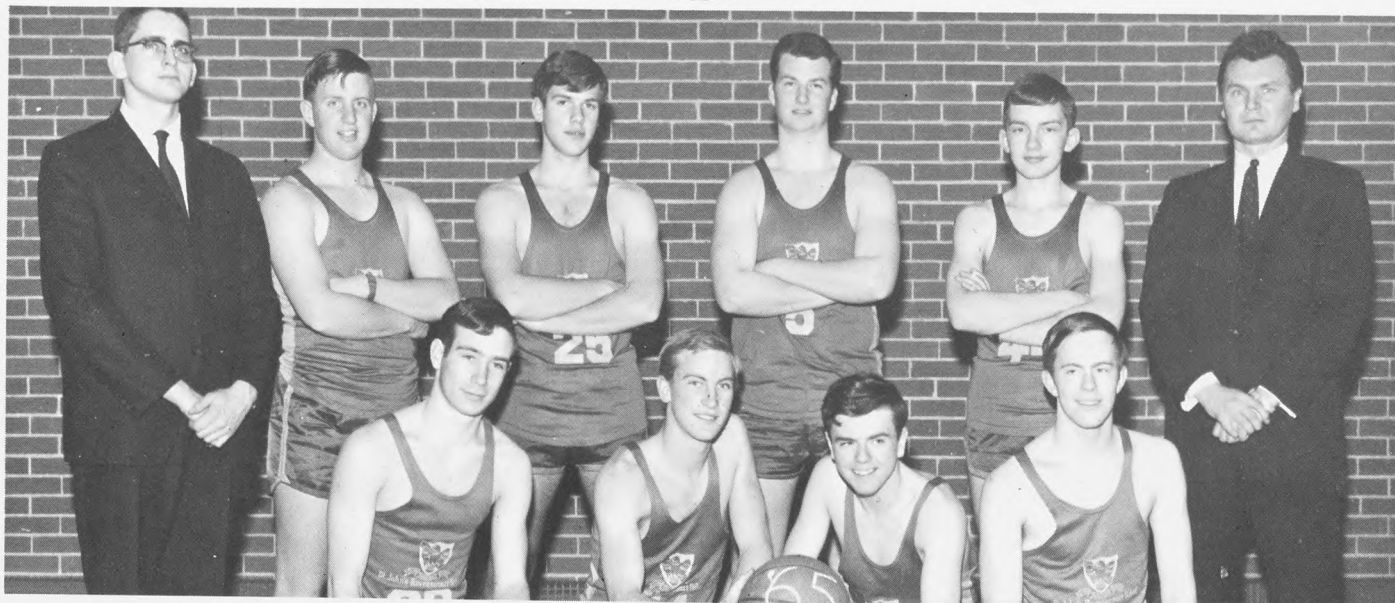
The team got off to a very poor start this year, partly due to lack of games, lack of practise, and a lack of players. They did, however, succeed in progressing steadily from their first lambasting by Norwood to a point where they could easily have beaten them with a one more solid line, later in the season.

As they were greatly in need of players, the team never could reach a peak, and consequently, were the underdogs throughout the season.

The whole team would like to thank Mr. Wellard, Mr. Bredin and Bill Ramsay for all their help and coaching throughout the year.

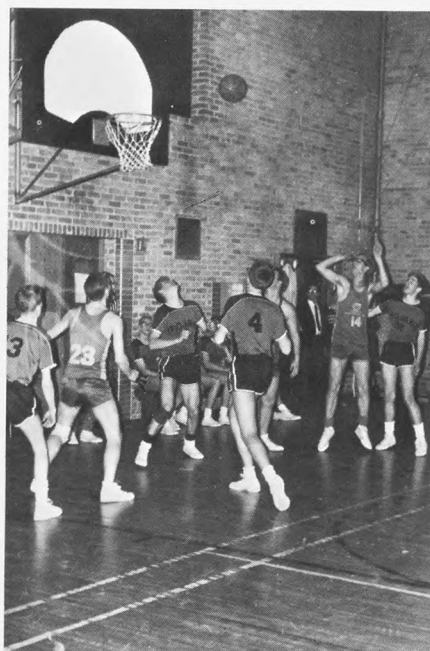
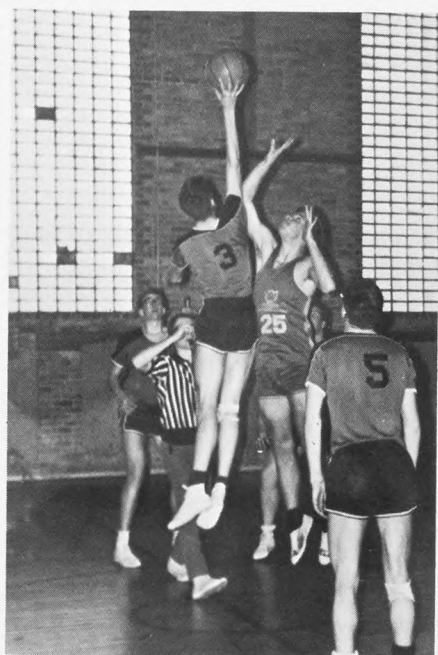


Senior Basketball



Back: Mr. Stemshorn, Fraser, Walton, Brook, Cottick, Mr. Petrencik.
Front: Meredith, Arnett, Purdy, Sprague.

This year's SJR Senior Basketball team acquired a coach, Mr. Petrencik, and by the end of the season, he had whipped together a pretty fair team. However, our squad was hampered by such things as play rehearsals, and hockey games, but in spite of this, the team, with the help of Mr. Petrencik, and Mr. Stemshorn, managed to put together a string of victories. Dave Purdy and Randy Arnett, the forwards, combined on most occasions to score, and were helped by Mike Brook, Clark Fraser, and Mike Walton, the rebound trio. It was the most successful season in SJR's Basketball history, and the team has really enjoyed it. This was due to the excellent coaching received from the master-minds.



House Reports

Richardson House

This year it has been hard to instill spirit throughout the House in athletics. Not saying that we have been lacking in House spirit, but our new membership was only a few juniors, limiting the clay from which we can mold fresh spirit. However, the old spirit continues to exist and exert an influence in the House.

Our aspirations suffered a big set-back when we lost senior football by one point to Young — never underestimate a soccer player! Our junior football team came on strong to win, but our intermediates came third, not because of a lack of effort, but a shortage of players enthusiastic enough to face the rigors of football. In soccer, the seniors came last, losing to Hamber and tying Young. The juniors tied with Young for a second place standing.

In hockey, we fought hard, gaining 3rd place, and finishing second in junior. Our hidden talent is soon to break loose on the basketball court, and everything being equal I am optimistic.

Track and Field and baseball remain, and I am sure there will be a good showing by everyone in the House. A scheme for introducing Academics as a House competition was made—points are given or removed for those attaining or not attaining a required average. The Master's Shield should become more of a realization. Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Wellard and Mr. Glegg for their efforts and support.

Rick Matthews
House Captain.

Hamber House

Hamber, although not a House of outstanding athletes, showed enough spirit and determination to capture a good share of the title this year. Although overpowered in football, the seniors won soccer and were well on their way to winning hockey when this was written. The intermediates won football; the juniors won soccer and were second in football. Basketball and Track and Field should add more points to our score, and with the introduction of scholastic achievement as one of the determining factors, Hamber looks forward to a good showing this year.

I would like to thank most of the members of Hamber House for their spirit and cooperation this year, and I feel that when we get all the members of the House working together, our success will be insured. Mr. Waudby was a staunch supporter and we thank him. I have no doubt that Hamber will always be a force to be reckoned with. Good luck.

Craig Lamb
House Captain.

Young House

There were many new additions to the school this year, and among them, the inclusion of scholastics to the House point scheme. A very even balance in teams this year, the games were often hard-fought but not always deserving victories. Coming out on top of senior football, we placed second in junior and senior soccer. Hockey rolled around right before exams, when the ice was on its way out, and there we placed 2nd. We still have basketball to play, and Track and Field and baseball have of yet to be settled, but there, too, the competition is sure to be balanced and rugged.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank our House Master, Mr. Ainley, and my prefects, Randy Arnett, Peter Hunter, Pete Hammond and Jamie McDonald, for all their help in organizing the teams this year. It has been a very great privilege to be House Captain, and I thank all members of Young House for their contributions, whether in athletics or scholastics, and I hope that it leads to the Master's Shield at the end of the year.

Derek Funnell
House Captain.

Track and Field

1964 was another good Track and Field season, particularly for Young House, which took the Master's Shield. As usual, the events for each group were run off one per day, the weather permitting. This was the first year that the Cross-Country was run as a House competition, and Young, with the most runners, naturally took it.

Thirteen new records were made, with the Templeton Trophy for Senior Division Champion going to Ron Kantor, the Chisholm Trophy going to John Kiddell, the Staff Trophy to Michael Trew, and the Moulden Trophy to Jim Richardson, each boy being the Track & Field Champion in his division.

Three of the new senior records were made at the Provincial Track Meet, the 100 yard dash by Michael Hartley, the Hop-Step-Jump by Ron Kantor, and the discus by Rick Lauder.

New Records — 1964

Seniors:

| | | |
|----------------------|-----------|--------------|
| 100 yards | 10.2 sec | Mike Hartley |
| 220 yards | 23.1 sec. | Ron Kantor |
| Hop-Step-Jump | 45'6" | Ron Kantor |
| Broad Jump | 21'11½" | Ron Kantor |
| Discus (3 lb. 9 oz.) | 126'0" | Rick Lauder |
| Javelin | 122'4" | Pete Greene |

Intermediate A:

| | | |
|----------------------|--------|--------------|
| Mile | 5:18:2 | John Kiddell |
| Discus (3 lb. 9 oz.) | 106'5" | Terry Read |

Intermediate B:

| | | |
|---------------|--------|-----------|
| Hop-Step-Jump | 34'4½" | Mike Trew |
|---------------|--------|-----------|

Junior:

| | | |
|-----------------|--------|----------------|
| Mile | 6:26:5 | Paul Schmidt |
| Pole Vault | 6'0" | Jim Richardson |
| Javelin | 86'6" | Paul Schmidt |
| Shotput (5 lb.) | 30'3" | Jim Richardson |



Back: Rankin, Schluderman, Hartley, M., Kantor, Rick Matthews, Rob Matthews, Graham, Stovel, Sullivan. **Front:** Read, Jock McDonald, Hartley, I., Low, Jamie McDonald, Lamb, Lauder.

Provincial Track Meet

In the Provincial Track Meet of June, 1964, St. John's-Ravenscourt was represented by 18 boys. We made two new Provincial records, one by Rick Matthews with a throw of 123'8½" in the Intermediate Discus, the other by Ron Kantor in the Senior Hop-Step-Jump. Firsts were won by Bill Stovel in the Senior High Jump and Pole Vault, Ron Kantor in the Senior Hop-Step-Jump and Broad Jump, and Rick Matthews in the Int. Discus. Seconds were won by Rick Lauder in the Senior Discus, Ian Rankin in the Int. High Jump, Bill Farquhar in the Int. Pole Vault, Jock McDonald in the Int. Hop-Step-Jump, and George Low in the Primary Mile. We hope to do as well in the Track Meet coming up.

Cross-Country Results

Senior:

1st—Low—12 min. 59.5 sec.

2nd—Graham

3rd—Maters

Teams: 1st.—Young, 2nd—Hamber, 3rd—Richardson

Intermediate A:

1st—Kiddell—11 min. 13.5 sec.

2nd—Jackman

3rd—Graham

Teams: 1st—Richardson, 2nd—Young, 3rd—Hamber

Intermediate B:

1st—Riley—10 min. 39 sec.

Tied for 2nd—Kiddell, Edworthy.

Junior:

1st—Richardson—10 min. 55 sec.

2nd—Schmidt

3rd—Connor (not enough runners for teams)



Cork it, sir!



Aaagghhh!



Swish!

Indoor Track Meet

St. John's-Ravenscourt once again entered the Indoor Track Meet competition which took place on April 25, 1964, in the Winnipeg Arena. Track teams from as far as the lakehead were represented. Representing Ravenscourt were Bill Stovel in the High Jump, Ron Kantor, Barry Sullivan, Jock McDonald and Michael Hartley in the relays, and Kantor and McDonald in the 60-yard dashes. Although Ron came through with a terrific start, we just missed qualifying for the relay finals by a fraction of a second. It seemed to be Ron's day; in the 60 yard heats, he ran a 6.2 seconds time, a new record, and only .1 second away from the Canadian record.

Athletic Dinner

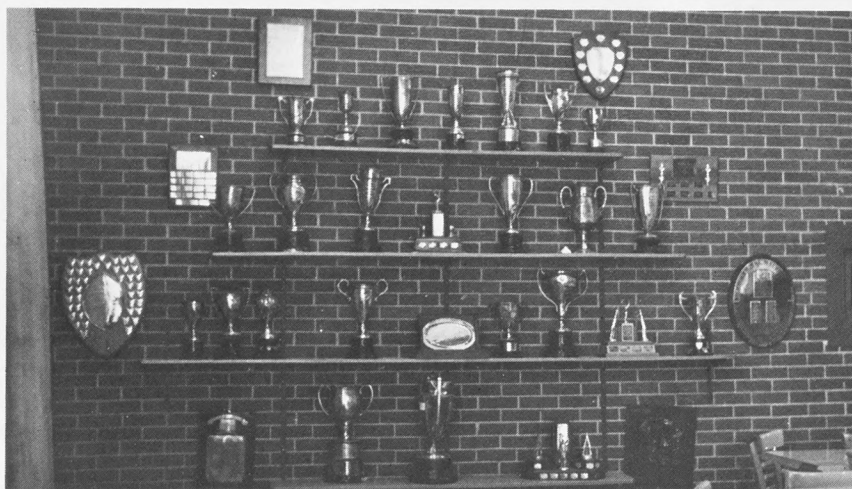
In late June, towards the end of the 1964 school year, we held our customary Athletic Dinner. After the banquet, Mr. Jim Daly, the guest speaker, was introduced. In his speech, which was sometimes reminiscing, Mr. Daly disclosed the secret that the Pan-American Games might be held in Winnipeg in 1967, no doubt inspiring the

ambitions of some of the up-and-coming athletes who were present.

As is his custom, Mr. Gordon kept us all in suspense until the presentation of the Master's Shield. Once again, the Shield was won by Young House. There is no danger, though, of this becoming a habit.

Awards

| | |
|--|---|
| Moulden Memorial Trophy (Best Rugby Player) | Rick Lauder |
| Cory Cup (Long Jump Champion) | Ron Kantor |
| Desmond Cox Trophy (Open Mile) | George Low |
| Taylor Cup (High Jump Champion) | Bill Stovel |
| Templeton Trophy (Senior Track and Field Champion) | Ron Kantor |
| Chisholm Trophy (Int. A. Track and Field Champion) | John Kiddell |
| Staff Trophy (Int. B. Track and Field Champion) | Michael Trew |
| Moulden Trophy (Junior Track and Field Champion) | Jim Richardson |
| Headlam Trophy (Midget Track and Field Champion) | Pat McGee |
| Mills Trophy (Proficiency in Athletics and Academics, L.S.) | Peter McCreath |
| Mermagen Trophy (Senior House Rugby) | Richardson House |
| N.H.L. Trophy (Senior House Hockey) | Hamber House |
| Seller's Cup (Junior Hockey) | Young House |
| Ravenscourt Cup (Inter-House Soccer) | Richardson House |
| Hobson Memorial Shield (Lower School Total Athletics) | Richardson House |
| Bedson Cup (Junior House Football) | Young House |
| Basketball Trophy (House Basketball) | Richardson House |
| Chalice Trophy (L.S. House Hockey) | New House |
| Dingwall Trophy (Inter-House Cross-Country) | Young House |
| Lowe Cup (Individual Cross-Country) | George Low |
| Osler Memorial Shield (Junior Hockey) | G. Little Team |
| Basil Baker Memorial Shield (Hockey Sportsmanship and Skill) | Craig Kennedy |
| Lestock Adams Shield (General Proficiency in all Athletics) | Rick Lauder |
| All-Star Bantam League Badges | Bob Sanders Jamie McDonald Bill Gardner |



ACTIVITIES



Prize Winners 1964

Special Prizes

| | |
|--|----------------------------|
| <i>His Excellency the Governor General's Medal for General Proficiency</i> | Stephen Lindsay (1963) |
| <i>British Public School's Prize</i> | Rick Lauder—Form VI |
| <i>Walter Burman Prize for Latin</i> | Michael Trew—Form III-A |
| <i>Thomas Harland Memorial Prize for Science and Mathematics</i> | Bill Ramsay—Form V |
| <i>Jean Joy Memorial English Prize</i> | Aaron Schwartz—Form IV-A |
| <i>Board of Governors' Medal for Lower School</i> | Stewart Searle—Form 7-E.W. |
| <i>Frederick Johnson Memorial Prize</i> | Rick Lauder—Form VI |
| <i>Norman Young English and History Prize</i> | Not Awarded |
| <i>J. L. Doupe prize for Mathematics</i> | James Lawson—Form II-A |
| <i>McEachern Memorial Science Prizes</i> | Aaron Schwartz—Form IV-A |
| | Mark Jackman—Form III-A |
| | Not Awarded |
| <i>Dorothy Hoskin Memorial Prize for English</i> | Richard Condo—Form VI |
| <i>P. H. A. Wykes Mathematics Prize</i> | John Gemmell—Form 7-E.W. |
| <i>Perreault Lower School French Prize</i> | Barry Stevens—Form 7-E.W. |
| <i>Lower School Prizes: Mathematics</i> | Graham Morris—Form 7-E.W. |
| <i>English</i> | John Gemmell—Form 7-E.W. |
| <i>Scripture</i> | Michael Payne—Form 7-E.W. |
| <i>Art</i> | Michael Payne—Form 7-E.W. |
| <i>Music</i> | Graham Morris—Form 7-E.W. |
| <i>Walter J. Burman and Associates Prize</i> | James Lawson—Form II-A |
| <i>Lower School Honours Trophy</i> | New House |
| <i>Master's Shield for Total Points</i> | Young House |
| <i>The "Eagle" Prize</i> | George Low—Form VI |
| <i>Photography Prize</i> | Andy Little—Form VI |
| <i>Chown Prize for Music</i> | John Anderson—Form II-A |
| | Ralph Schoenert—Form II-A |
| <i>Lower School Spelling Cup</i> | Barry Stephens—Form 7-E.W. |

Form Prizes for General Proficiency

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| FORM I LOWER | Ted Leach |
| FORM II LOWER | Mark Bredin |
| FORM III LOWER | Stuart Guest |
| FORM IV LOWER | Raymond Waddell |
| FORM V LOWER | Michael Hammond |
| FORM VI LOWER | Scott McPherson |
| FORM VII LOWER | Randy Makinen |
| FORM VII EW | John Gemmell |
| FORM II-A | James Lawson |
| FORM II-B | Mark Stethem |
| FORM III-A | Michael Trew |
| FORM III-B | Bob Jessiman |
| FORM IV-A | Aaron Schwartz |
| FORM IV-B | Douglas Macdonald |

Prize Day



1 . . . 2 . . .

On Tuesday, June 9th, 1964, we held our annual Prize Day ceremonies. The guest speaker was Norman C. Young, the Editor of the Ottawa Citizen. He spoke of his days as a boy in the Ravenscourt of the 1920's and 30's. After the awarding of prizes, Mr. Gordon built up suspense in his speech until he finally got around to announcing next year's School Captain, Derek Funnell, and the Vice-Captain, Craig Lamb. Their initiation, followed, recorded here pictorially, by a quick "Eagle" photographer.



Alright you guys.



That must be the new School Captain.

Visitors to the School

MR. W. B. MACMURRAY and MR. ALAN STEPHEN

On Thursday, February 4th, Mr. W. B. MacMurray and Mr. Alan Stephen spoke in turn to a group of parents and the staff. Mr. MacMurray and Mr. Stephen both arrived in Winnipeg on Wednesday, February 3rd, and came out to St. John's-Ravenscourt shortly afterwards.

Mr. MacMurray, Headmaster of the University of Toronto Schools, which are affiliated with and on campus with the University of Toronto, spoke about "What Are Meant by Academic Standards," and Mr. Stephen spoke after, on "Elementary Schooling and Its Problems." Mr. Stephen is the Headmaster of the Preparatory School — Upper Canada College.

Earlier in the week, before their departure (Sunday, February 7th) they both took turns visiting classes, each one alternately going to the Upper School and the Lower School.

MR. J. P. DYMINT

On Friday, the 19th of March, 1965, Mr. J. P. Dymint came to St. John's-Ravenscourt to speak. Mr. Dymint, who is Chief Engineer of Air Canada, had not visited the school for five years, but when he last did come, January, 1960, he was so well received, that Mr. Gordon made him promise to return every five years. Mr. Dymint again spoke on Supersonic jets, and different types of airplanes, but this time, the coming of Supersonic passenger and cargo jets is five years closer. After he had finished speaking, there was a break, and then there was a small discussion for some senior boys who are interested in different fields of Engineering.

The New York Tour

On Saturday, March 27, 1965, a group of forty-five boys left Winnipeg for a tour of New York, under the supervision of Mr. McLeod, Mr. Shepherd, and Mrs. Maurer. Plans for the tour had first begun in December, 1964, when the total cost per boy had been worked out, and the number of boys to go on the tour had been estimated. The tour was given a good start when Mr. and Mrs. Everett gave it a going away party on the Friday night before it left.

The tour group, travelling by CNR, arrived at Montreal 8:30 Sunday night, transferred to another train and was in New York twelve hours later. We immediately went to the Great Northern Hotel where we were to stay for the week. Radio City Music Hall was first on our agenda for Monday, and we dashed there through driving rain. Some of us waited outside to watch the Astronauts' Parade, but others went in right away to see the musical productions and the show, 'Dear Heart'. The afternoon was free, but in the evening we watched the musical 'Fade In Fade Out' starring Carol Burnett.

On Tuesday morning we went on a guided tour of the United Nations Building; our attractive guide showed us the General Assembly and various other UN Council chambers. In the afternoon we walked to the Empire State Building. The view from the 86th and 101st observation decks looked exactly the same as all the postcards we had seen, but strangely enough, everyone was madly snapping pictures. That evening we saw the play 'Any Wednesday', starring Dan Porter and Barbara Cook.

Wednesday was a day devoted to the Arts. In the morning we set off for the Guggenheim Museum via Central Park. On the way, we stopped off at Columbus Circle to see New York's newest theatre centre, and then we went back through the zoo, and up to the Frick Gallery on 72nd St. After that we had to make a dash to see the Guggenheim and get back to the hotel on time to see the 1:00 matinee of Sammy Davis' 'Golden Boy' at the Majestic Theatre. At 5:00 we were free, and most of the boys put their time to good use, many of us retiring early because we had a long energetic day ahead of us.

On Thursday morning we set off for Battery Park and the Statue of Liberty. We missed the 11:00 ferry, but this gave us time to explore the Wall Street district, and we visited the American Stock Sxchange and Trinity Church. After we had got to the island and been through the statue, we all agreed that the interior dimensions had been a little disappointing, but the view of Manhattan Island and the harbour more than made up for it. Left to our own devices for the rest of the afternoon, we had to be back at the hotel by 7:45 to watch the comedy 'Catch Me If You Can', on at the Morosco Theatre.

We were scheduled for a boat-trip around Manhattan, Friday, but due to bad weather, we had to take our option, a second visit to Radio City Music Hall to watch the famous 'Easter Show.' The first production, 'Glory of Easter' was really brilliant and be sure to watch 'Operation Crossbow' when it comes to Winnipeg. The evening was free.

Saturday was our last day in New York. We packed our bags in the morning, and took them down to a storage room in the hotel. The only activity of the day was to go and watch the comedy 'Barefoot In The Park' on at the Biltmore Theatre, and starring Penny Fuller, Robert Reed and co-starring Kurt Kasznar and Mildred Natwick. It was by far the funniest comedy that we had seen all week. At 7:00 we met at the hotel and took a bus to Pennsylvania Station. At 8:35 we were off for Montreal.

We arrived in Montreal early Sunday morning and we had a nine-hour stopover. It seemed like a small town after New York. A small group of boys set out to climb Mt. Royal, while others visited relatives or explored the city's parks and downtown section. At noon we ate lunch in the station restaurant, and we then went to see the show 'How To Murder Your Wife'. We got on the train at 5:00 and from then on it was two days by train back home, and the end to a thoroughly enjoyable adventure.

As an aftermath to the tour, Mrs. Maurer, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. McLeod were given presents by the boys as thanks for all the work they had done in planning the tour and making it a success in those nine hectic days.



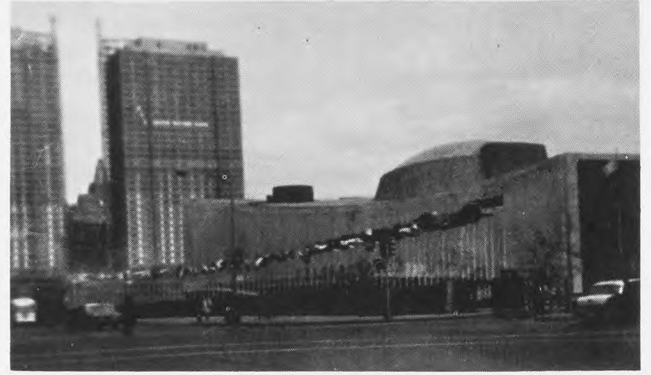
North towards Central Park from the Empire State Building.



The tour group.



Columbus Circle Theatre Centre.



The United Nations.

New York



New York Public Library.



DOWN from the 101st floor.



In the zoo.



At the Statue of Liberty.



On the train.



South towards Wall Street and the harbour.



PanAm and Chrysler Buildings, New Jersey.

Fathers' and Sons' Weekend

This year the traditional Fathers' and Sons' Weekend was held on the 24th and 25th of October, and fortunately, the weather was good. The weekend was officially opened on the morning of the 24th, when Vice-Captain of the school, Craig Lamb, welcomed the Fathers and gave them a short briefing on the Weekend's events.

At 10:00 the Sports began with a Bantam Football game and an Old Boys vs. the School Soccer game. However, the Bantams lost 27-12 to the Weston Wildcats even with the aid of veteran advice from countless Fathers on the sidelines. The Soccer game was far more exciting and had just as much gore to it. The Old Boys scored first, early in the second half, but the Senior Soccer team soon showed them who was who with three quick goals by Graham. In the last few minutes of play, Allan Donaldson, alias "Bones" (for the Old Boys) foolishly tried to get the ball past David James, and as a result, he was carried

off the field a few minutes later with a suspected fracture. The Old Boys partially redeemed their



ineptitude by dribbling in a garbage goal (by Ron Kantor), making the final score 3-2 for the Senior Soccer team, its only win of the season.

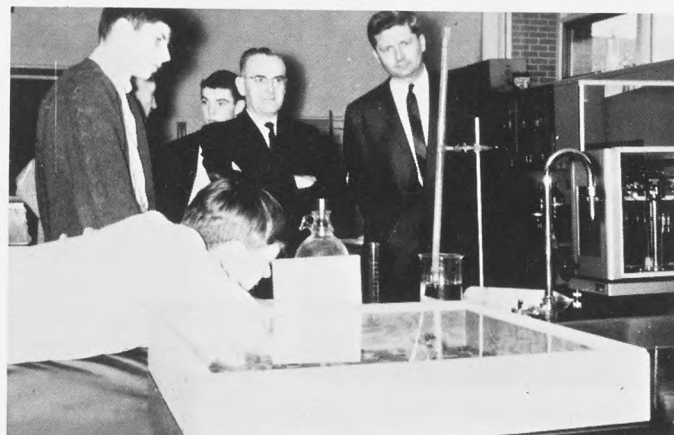
There was also a shooting competition in which the Fathers managed to beat the Sons by the narrowest of margins in the Upper School, and in which New House was victorious in the Lower School. Also during the morning there was a Six-man Football game, Lower School Senior House Soccer, a Lower School Art Display, and a Lower School Fathers vs. Sons Soccer game which ended in scoreless confusion.

Following lunch, there was a Science Display in the Camsell Wing, where an unfortunate accident occurred when some acid blew up in an experiment. Luckily, no one was seriously hurt, but Bob Roper, Jamie McDonald, and Alan Kiddell carried the marks for a couple of weeks.

At 2:00 the highlights of the afternoon came with the Senior Football game, S.J.R. vs. St. James. Although we did our best to win in front of our Fathers, all we could score was a single point as compared to the two touchdowns that St. James scored, and the final score was 13-1.

At the banquet, the Fathers entered the Dining Hall via the Camsell Wing to avoid congestion in the main hall. During the meal, Derek Funnell, the School Captain made a short speech and proposed a toast to the Fathers. Afterwards everyone went to the gymnasium where we had our usual magician's show.

There were also games of Charades, Fathers vs. Sons, in which we had such amusing topics



as Lady Chatterly's Lover, Romeo and Juliet, and Night of the Iguana. This was followed by folk-singing led by Mr. Stewart, Mr. Glegg, Randy Arnett, Rick Matthews, and Mike Walton.

Chapel on Sunday morning was led by Canon Kelly. Following it, coffee was served, and the annual inter-Provincial tug-of-war was held. Manitoba unfortunately beat Alberta so if we take that and the Senior Football game into consideration, it was a weekend where the victors were usually the wrong ones.

The Carol Service

On December 13th, 1964, our annual Carol Service was held after much work in decorating the Dining Hall for the festive season. Prior to the Service, we had short and undemanding practices, supervised by Mr. Shepherd, in the belief that we would sing just as well and loud as in previous years without long and boring practices. As is now custom, the Service consisted of Nine Lessons; read by a Lower School boy, John Lawrence, an Upper School boy, Michael Trew, the Vice-Captain of the school, Craig Lamb, the School Captain, Derek Funnell, the Headmaster of the school, Mr. Gordon, the Headmaster of the Lower School, Mr. Kiddell, the assistant Headmaster of the Upper School, Mr. Bredin, an old boy, Gordon Greeniaus, and the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Richardson.

Immediately after the reading of the Ninth Lesson, Mr. Gordon made the speech which appears on the Dedication page, thanking Mr. Richardson for his long service to the School as Chairman with an unusual token of gratitude, a personal book called "Two Generations".



Breck School Visit



An unusual flock descended on St. John's-Ravenscourt on December 6th, 1964. It was a group of wandering minstrels from Breck School for Boys, Minneapolis, Minnesota, consisting of the Breck School Glee Club, coming to give us a concert. They arrived at 11:00 by plane, coming to the school at about 4:00 when the concert began. It was made up of nine songs, ranging from religious melodies to sailing songs. After the concert, we treated them to a steak dinner and after half an hour of exchanging stories in the Prefects' Common Room, they had to go. In the hasty good-byes in all the rush, our alert reporter noticed that the Breck School boys seemed most impressed with the servility of our waiters.

Since the visit, we have regularly received copies of the Breck Bugle, their school newspaper. We hope, if all goes well, to soon repay their visit, and who knows, it may become an annual pilgrimage!



Winter



This year we thought of adopting an orphan through the Save the Children Organization — a child that the school would be responsible for and would watch as it grew up. There were various ways of raising enough money, and we hit on a Winter Carnival as the best way and at the same time the most fun.

The committee met a few times during the Christmas Holidays to discuss what had to be done, but the work really began at the start of the term in January. Girls had to be found who were willing to play hockey against our formidable senior team; the construction company at the school had demolished the old toboggan slide and a new one had to be built up; curling rocks were made out of Harold's jam-pots and the Carnival Queen Snow Throne was built. Some guys had to be bribed into entering the Carnival Queen Contest, and at the last minute, Little Sister of Minerva withdrew, leaving us with only three candidates.

The Carnival was held on January 30th. Ticket sales ran high and we cleared our profit objective nicely. Events began in the afternoon at two o'clock. Highlights of the afternoon were the girls vs. boys hockey game and the skidoo races. The game was refereed by questionable authorities, Dave Purdy and Randy Arnett, the stars of the Basketball Team. Through some weird and wonderful penalty shots, that the girls took, the game ended in a 4-0 tie for the girls. The team of Mary Bruce, Nancy Wicks, Nancy Hall, Jean Riley, Pat McGill, Carol Wiebe, and Midge Gosko enjoyed a cake for their efforts.

The five skidoos that we had for the day were used continuously. The race course was three laps of the River Field, through a slalom and then three times around the field again. The McCaskill-Gardner team had the fastest time for the course.



Carnival

Curling and tobogganing, which went on all afternoon, were favorites of the Lower School. Chuck Alvi and Miss Sidney Macaw, a bumblebee and a penguin, won the costume contest. A Lower School party followed in the dining hall. Their lucky-number draw took place with Donald Guest and Boyd Beaton winning.

Events in the evening started with a blazing bonfire and the Carnival Queen Contest. The three candidates were: Miss Celebrity (Ian Hartley), Miss Night-Life of '65 (Rick Matthews), and Paula Bella of Italia (Paul Bell). Miss Celebrity was chosen Queen by Barbie Blick, Shelley Johnson and Nancy Wicks because of her (his) impressive measurements, good looks, and original outfit, which consisted of golden KEX curls, short skirt and long-johns. WHEW! Dave McBeath won the lucky draw and then the tally-ho started, the Upper School going to a farm while the Lower School had theirs here, behind the skidoos. The dance, starting at ten, was attended by over 200 people. Credit goes to the Spectres (Read, Trew, Elliot, Everett, and Mackay) for its success. All was over at 11:30.

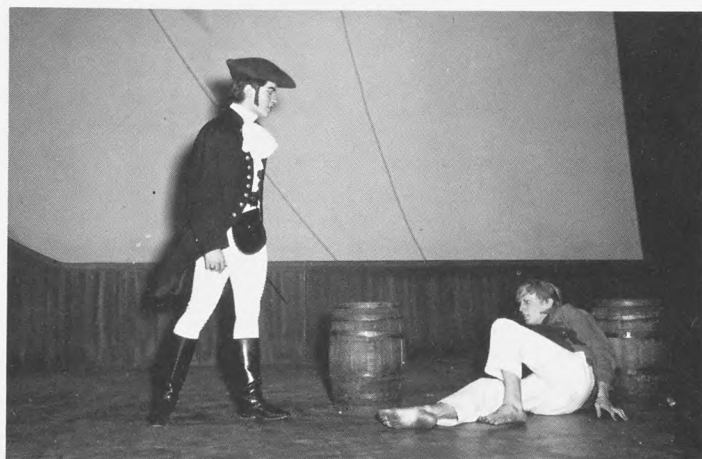
The Carnival appeared to have been a success. Its organization was somewhat confused, but it made it all the more fun. Thanks go to Mrs. Fitzsimmons, Mr. Gordon and Harold. Their help was essential to making the Carnival the success that it was. The way the school supported the Carnival this year means that it will likely become an annual event. What better way to raise money each year for an orphan?!

Even as this is being written, arrangements are being made for the adoption of an orphan.





Billy Budd is pressed into service.



"... least of all a rum-soaked footpad."



"This is a night for secrets."



The Accusation.

This year the school presented its fourth play in seven years. "Billy Budd" proved the most successful yet. Written by Louis O. Coxe and Robert Chapman, and based on the novel by Herman Melville, it was the most challenging production undertaken by the school thus far.

Billy Budd is a modern morality play concerning the conflict between good and evil, and at the same time is an exciting tale of life in the British Royal Navy in the 18th Century. Its many good points include its depth, the opportunity it gives for artistic expression in many aspects, and not of least importance, its all-male cast.

Having chosen the play, in October, Mr. McLeod, with the aid of Mr. Gordon and Mr. Hammond, set about the task of castings. Within a few weeks, the roles were all filled, and rehearsing had begun under the direction of Mr. McLeod. By Christmas most of the lines were firmly embedded in the actors' minds, and they were beginning to get the feel of their parts. Meanwhile, all had been quiet in the technical aspects of production. Mark Glasgow was busy with pen, brush and artistic talents designing sets, and Bill McWilliams had already started planning the complicated lighting schemes. Mrs. Maurer had started collecting white sweat shirts, white ducks and blue ink. In one week early in January, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Kiddell, Miss House and Mrs. Stewart put the ink and shirts together, to produce the now-famous Billy Budd Shirt.

In January, rehearsals began in earnest, and the pace of production was stepped up. Rehearsals were longer, and more trying, but also more productive. Evening rehearsals were common, and the day-boys in the play became a curious mixture of boarder and commuter. Attending rehearsals as well as Mr. McLeod and the actors were the set designers and lighting technicians. All worked hard in their respective fields as February progressed. As the performance dates neared, new faces appeared on the scene. Paul Wilson had taken over the job of organizing properties from Mr. Glegg, who had fallen ill. Volunteers for make-up were instructed by Miss Kelly one night at the school.

Finally the 25th had come. The actors were word-perfect and confident. The sets were complete and gorgeous; the lighting was carefully planned; the props were gathered and organized; the costumes were made or rented. The dress-rehearsal at the Playhouse went well on Thursday night.

Budd

On Friday the 26th and Saturday the 27th, Billy Budd was presented to large and receptive audiences. The cast who had all worked through long and tedious rehearsals are to be congratulated on the calibre of their performances. Many of those who had parts in the play were newcomers to the stage, but by the final performance, all members of the cast gave very polished performances in a very challenging production. The success of the play is due to all those who gave so much time and effort towards it: to Mr. McLeod who worked so hard to make it possible, to Mr. Shepherd, the sound-effects man, to Mrs. Maurer, the costume-mistress, and to Miss House, Mrs. Hebert, Walter, and Harold, all who co-operated and assisted.

The Cast

| | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| Edward Fairfax Vere | Aaron Schwartz |
| Philip Michael Seymour, First Officer, Colin Moncrieff | |
| John Ratchliffe, First Lt. | Rick Matthews |
| Wyatt, Sailing Master | Clark Fraser |
| Gardiner, a Midshipman | Muir Meredith |
| Red, a Midshipman | Simon Truelove |
| Surgeon | Denis Riley |
| John Claggart, Master-at-Arms | Craig Lamb |
| Squeak, Master-at-Arms' Man | Neil Duncan |
| The Dansker, Mainmast Man | Bill Cottick |
| Jenkins, Captain of the Maintop | Peter Hunter |
| Kincaid, Maintopman | Michael Trew |
| O'Daniel, Maintopman | Philip Dodd |
| Butler, Maintopman | Bill Everett |
| Talbot, Mizzentopman | Robert McCaskill |
| Jackson, Maintopman | David Sprague |
| Billy Budd | David Purdy |
| Hallam, a Marine | Randy Paul |
| Messboy | George Gosko |
| Stoll, Helmsman | Hugh Swan |
| Duncan, Mate of the Maindeck | Doug McDonald |
| Byren, Relief Helmsman | Stewart Searle |
| Drummer | Doug MacKay |
| Other Sailors | Paul Schmidt |
| | Doug Arnett |
| | Bill Gray |
| | Michael Elliot |
| Prompter | Blair Carlson |
| Make-up | Kelly |
| Stage Sets | Mark Glasgow |
| | W. Hartwig and Staff |
| Lighting | Bill McWilliams |
| Properties | Paul Wilson |
| Costumes | Mrs. K. W. Maurer and Assistants |
| | Malabar's |
| Director | Gordon D. McLeod |

The Cast.



"Why, sir, he's dead!"



"God knows I'm sorry".



"God bless Captain Vere!"



Dances



The reverend's daughter?

This year we held a number of informal dances with a small admission charge, from which the proceeds went to reduce the ticket prices of the Cadet Ball, or rather the formal which was held in place of the Ball.

The first of these dances was a record hop, held on October 3rd in the Dining Hall. Purdy's beachboys provided most of the entertainment. A second dance, the Football Dance, was held on October 31st in Thompson House. As the warmth of the evening increased, couples slipped outside into the chilly air, and watched Hallowe'en rioters being quelled on the dyke. A third dance was held in the Dining Hall on January 16th, and a fourth was held in conjunction with the Winter Carnival on January 30th. It was at this last dance that the school's home-made Spectres put in their first appearance, but since then, they have risen to fame.

Plans are being made for a formal dance on April 23rd, and perhaps after that, we may have a repeat of last year's exciting Grad. Dance-Barbecue.

Ladies' Guild Report

1964-65 has been another busy year for the St. John's-Ravenscourt School Guild. Our Christmas Dance was once again a tremendous success, with the reception being held in a very festive Camsell Wing. Plans are underway for our annual Spring Function — this year to be a coffee party — held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Heffelfinger.

Our general meetings have been well-attended, and after a great deal of lively discussion, we have decided to spend our funds in the following manner:

We are having a kitchen installed in the Sick Bay, which will make it possible for Miss House to prepare tempting meals for her patients. We have completed the equipping of the Rifle Range which is being used extensively and to good advantage by both the Upper and Lower boys. The Lower School has been given a donation of money for camping equipment and judo mats are being bought for use by both the Lower and Upper Schools. The library has also received its annual donation for the purchase of books.

It is hard to realize as I am writing this with so much snow on the ground that the time has come to wish our graduating class every success; we shall follow with interest their careers.

Mrs. C. Ian D. McDonald
President.

CADETS

PLATT OOOOOO
ATTENMUMPPFF!
BY THE LEFFTT
KWIGG MAAA!



R.

Commanding Officer's Report

For most of this year, the Cadet Corps paraded Monday afternoons for training purposes. It was quite a successful year, with the strength of the corps being 128. Some of the older cadets, who had in some cases been subjected to the same training for as many as five years, were allowed to spend part of the Monday afternoon program in study periods. The prescribed training syllabus was completed with an additional number of option periods. These included shooting, first aid, signals, the band, and judo, which was once again under the expert instruction of "Tug" Wilson of the Winnipeg Judo Club.

A noticeable lack of both interest and pride in the corps was evident this year. This was perhaps due on one hand to the syllabus itself, being a repetition to many cadets of over several years, and on the other hand to a lack of qualified instructors in the corps. Practically all lessons had to be taught by Cadet Officers and NCO's themselves.

The Cadet Shooting Team continued to benefit from the use of our shooting range. This year, again, the expert coaching given by Mr. Nelson Colville, a many-time member of Canada's Bisley Team, improved our shooting immensely. The team won the Lt. Charles French Trophy with ease, as the top five members of the eight-man team took the first five places in the competition. The team brought credit to the school in the MPRA series of Winter shoots, and we are hopeful that in the forthcoming competition for the Whitehead and O'Neill Trophies they will repeat last year's victory as the top cadet team in the

area. The new shooting equipment which the Ladies' Guild gave to the corps has proved invaluable in producing several expert marksmen.

Cadet/Major P. Dodd placed second in last year's Master Cadet exam in the province, and as a reward for the excellent standing he achieved at the National Cadet Camp in Banff last year, he has earned a trip to the Barbados this coming summer. Last year the corps placed first in both general proficiency for closed corps as well as in physical training for the whole of the province. Trophies for these have been on display in the school for the past year.

The Cameron Highlander Rgt. was unable to supply us with kilts this year because of a sudden increase in their nominal strength. As a result, the annual Cadet Ball was replaced by a formal school dance. The dance was well-supported and all who attended enjoyed themselves in the full evening's fun.

On behalf of the Cadet Corps, I would like to thank Mr. Ainley, our Chief Instructor, for the many hours of work he spent in organizing the corps' activities apart from his regular teaching assignments. Not to be forgotten is Mr. Glegg, who gave us many useful tips and much-needed help in our parades and inspections. I would also like to thank Mr. Parker for his faultless administration during the year. Special thanks must go to Mr. Nelson Colville without whose patience and coaching the rifle team would not have reached the record heights in the school's history that it did during the year.

Cdt./Maj. R. Clark Fraser.

Cadet Inspection

Inspected by Brigadier H. W. Sterne

Manitoba Area Commander, DSO, MBE, CO.

On Thursday, May 21, 1964, the No. 538 St. John's-Ravenscourt School Cadet Corps formed up outside Thompson House for the annual Cadet Inspection. At 7:00 p.m. the corps marched down onto the lower soccer field where it halted to wait the arrival of Brigadier Sterne and his party. This night marked the climax to the year's work. Since the beginning of school the previous fall, the Cadets had paraded every Monday. They had, throughout the year, received instruction and training in first aid, map-using, marksmanship, judo, rifle drill, national survival and signalling. The inspection had been practised and repractised to perfect the movements. The two weeks prior to the inspection had been busy ones for everyone. An obstacle course had been set up and other displays had been prepared.

Brigadier Sterne arrived at 7:30 and was welcomed by Captain Ainley, our Chief Instructor. Brigadier Sterne took the general salute and then



proceeded to inspect the corps, along with other members of the inspecting party; Cdt./Lt. Col. Jock McDonald, Mr. Gordon, Captain Palmer, Lt. Col. Comack, and Captain Ainley. Music was supplied by the pipe band. Following the inspection, the corps marched past the saluting base, advanced in review order, and formed a hollow square for the presentation of awards.

The trophy for the best first-year cadet was awarded to J. Lawson, and the trophy for the most improved cadet was awarded to Cdt. Lt. R. Condo. The Lord Strathcona Ring for shooting was awarded to Cdt. J. McDonald. The MPRA Silver Spoon for the highest individual score in

the O'Neill Trophy Competition was awarded to Cadet W. Cottick. Cdt./Lt. Col. Jock McDonald received the G. W. O'Neill Trophy for the highest Cadet Team score in the Whitehead Trophy Rifle Competition, on behalf of the Rifle Team.

The Master Cadet certificates, the highest award a Cadet can receive, were presented to Cadet Captain P. Dodd, Cadet/Lt. W. Everett, Cadet/Sgt. R. Lay, Cadet Captain J. Lederman, Cdt. WO1 R. Matthews, Cdt. WO2 W. Ramsay, and Cdt. WO2 R. Roper.

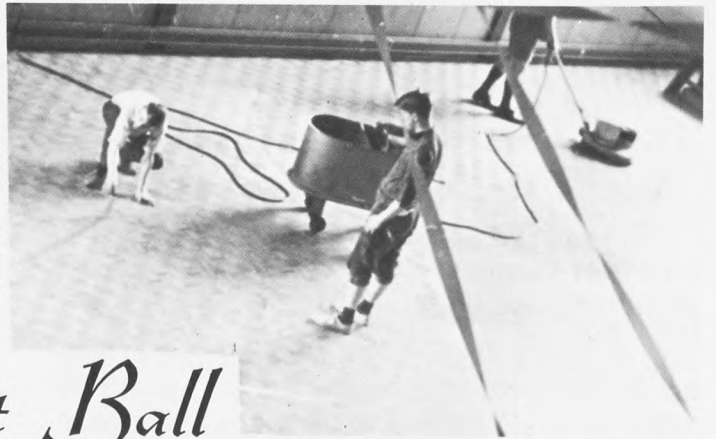
After this the corps was retired and fallen out. The Cadets then put on various displays: the band performed, the signals unit co-ordinated the displays, the Shooting Range and Driver Mechanics Room were on display, and the Obstacle Course provided a great deal of amusement among the spectators because the fact that the tunnel was filled with water was unknown to the contestants involved.

After the outdoor displays the crowd gathered round in the gymnasium for a gym display. It was



very successful; the boys executed many fine vault jumps and rope exercises. After the display, Major R. B. Cantlie of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders of Canada, presented a cane to Cdt./Lt. Col. Jock McDonald for his fine work in the corps. Brigadier Sterne then said a few words after which refreshments were served in the Dining Hall.

The efforts of Inspection Day did not go unrewarded. The corps again won the Lord Strathcona Trust Shield for the 7th time, for the most proficient corps in Manitoba for physical training. Altogether we won three trophies for the best Cadet Shooters in Manitoba.



Cadet Ball

In place of a proper Cadet Ball this year, a formal dance was held at which no cadet uniforms were seen. The reason for this was that the Cameron Highlanders could not supply the corps with kilts in time for the ball. However, preparations and decorations went on as usual, and at 8:30 p.m. on April 23rd, 1965's Cadet Ball (?) officially began. Everyone who was present had a great time, particularly the boys, because ticket prices were down from last year, proceeds from numerous small dances during the year having gone to allay the costs of the ball. As a matter of fact, some money was left over and it was planned to put it towards the Graduation Dance in May. All the same we hope to go back to our "uniformed" ball next year.



Officers and N.C.O.'s



Back: Cdt./Lt. Moncrieff, Cdt./Sgt. Purdy, Cdt./Staff Sgt. McBeath, Cdt./Sgt. Folinsbee, Cdt./Capt. Graham, Cdt./Lt. Cousins, Cdt./CSM Roper. **Middle:** Cdt./CSM Ramsay, Cdt./Sgt. Hammond, Cdt./Staff Sgt. Macdonald, Cdt./Lt. Boulton, Cdt./Lt. Cottick, Cdt./Lt. Lamb, Cdt./Lt. Hunter. **Front:** Cdt./Capt. Funnell, Cdt./Maj. Dodd, Cdt./Maj. Fraser, Cdt./RSM Matthews, Cdt./Sgt. McDonald. **Missing:** Cdt./Capt. Everett.

Shooting Competitions

This year the shooting team, coached by Mr. Coville, produced an outstanding record. SJR's Cadet Team entered the Charles French, Youth of the Empire, and Whitehead and O'Neill Trophy competitions. It was the Charles French Trophy as well as the O'Neill competition for the best Cadet Team in the province, our nearest competitor being 22 points behind. In winning the O'Neill Trophy, the team placed second in the Whitehead Trophy competition, against competing Army teams. Out of six medals awarded in the province for the best Cadet team shots, the SJR team won the four silver medals and one of the bronze. It was a year of unparalleled success in SJR's Cadet Corps shooting history, and we can only hope to do well next year.



Left to Right: John Anderson, Hugh Swan, Kent Cousins, Lee Edworthy, Clark Fraser, Bill Cottick, Jamie McDonald.

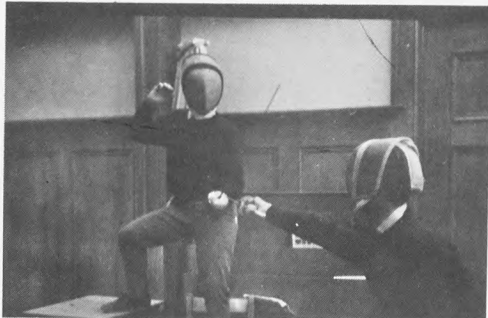
Judo



Back: Boulton, Matthews, Roper, Fahlgren. **Front:** Little, Gray, Hammond, Todd, Nanson. **Missing:** Ramsay.

This year was the fourth year that Judo has been offered as an option in Cadets. It was first organized in the Upper School in 1961-62 and was last year instituted in the Lower School. The Ladies' Guild has since then been kind enough to order proper rice mats to replace the gym mats which are in present use.

Most of the present group has been doing Judo for the past three years, under the auspices of Tug Wilson of the Winnipeg Judo Club, and Pete Hammond and Bill Ramsay have attained orange belts. However, this year a limited number of cadet periods necessitated a limited number of Judo classes. Perhaps future plans will include a combined Upper and Lower School class where the juniors would have the benefit of the seniors' experience. In closing, I would like to thank Mr. Wilson for his time and effort and wish him the best of luck both now and after his graduation from University.



Touché.



Peasants' Revolt.



Military volunteering.



Onward Christian Soldiers.

Cadets and "Out-Scouts"



Chain Gang.



Stand easy!



Sail!



The Flag-PARTY.



Sgt. Snatch at work.

LITERARY



THERE ARE TWO DISTINCT TYPES OF INTELLECTS —
FIRST

HR

The Legend of the Wehtigo

Another wave smashed down upon the deck accompanied by the splintering of timbers as the mast crashed to the deck. The ship rolled heavily under the weight of the seas toppling on her deck, and at times she soared up swiftly as if to leave the sea completely. Then, during interminable moments with every heart on board of her standing still, awaiting the frightful shock, she fell. The sea swept over the bridge, driven on by the gale which howled and scuffled about in the darkness, looting the deck with a destructive fury. The bridge had been swept clean of everything on it; rails were twisted; light screens smashed and two of the boats had gone already. A faint burst of lightning quivered all around, unveiling for a moment the long dark outlines of the ship, the destruction on it, and the dark figures of men clinging to the fallen mast, which covered the ship with a network of riggings and canvas.

The ship had ceased to struggle intelligently and now began to flounder, being unable to shake herself clear of the water. Breaker after breaker flung itself out of the night, thundering down on the ship with an outburst of unchained frenzy, followed by seething mad-scurry of the water returning to the sea. Had it been possible to get the remaining lifeboats into the water they would have capsized anyway, so everyone hung on where he was, in the hope that by some miracle the ship would survive the battering. The flashes of lightning had become less frequent and except for a faint glimmer which shone from the wheelhouse windows, the ship was in total darkness. Suddenly out of nowhere, rocks appeared and with a deafening roar the ship lurched onto them. Water poured into the hold through the gaping slash in the side of the ship, and she began to go down quickly. Darkness closed in on one of the wheelhouse windows, then the other.

* * *

The clouds hung low in the dull December sky. There was no appearance of life anywhere as Gilbert ran along behind his dogteam. Even the usually cheery snowbirds were silent and seemed to have completely vanished. No breeze stirred the tops of the tall dark Jack-pines. In a small clearing Gilbert brought his team to a halt for lunch, and removing a canvas bag from the sled, threw half a frozen fish to each of his five lean malmutes. Then he set about to gather up an armful of dead twigs to light his fire. Having got the fire going he took his long since blackened lard pail from the sled, packed it with snow and placed it on the fire to boil water for tea. The snow melted and he dumped a few tea leaves into the lard pail. A few minutes later the tea was ready and he poured it into his tin cup, then broke off a piece of bannock and sat down on a log by the fire.

He would be at his cabin by about 5 o'clock he figured, as he sat there washing down mouthfuls of bannock with the rapidly cooling tea. It was

only a one room trappers shack, but at least it was warm and he could prepare himself a decent meal.

Finishing his meal he dumped the tea leaves out of the lard pail, dropped his cup into it and put them back on the sled, then kicked some snow on the fire and was once again on his way.

By late afternoon he had checked most of his traps, finding none of them empty. It had been a good winter for trapping as far as he was concerned. Darkness was coming on quickly, he thought, as he removed a now frozen mink from the trap and threw it on the sled. Having reset the trap, he yelled at his team who obviously frightened by something, bolted at the sound of voice. Immediately Gilbert stepped heavily on the brake, reaching for his 30-30 and pumping a shell into the chamber in the same move. There by a thick stand of spruce was what seemed to him like a large bear walking upright and coming straight toward him. The distance between them was about ten yards when Gilbert raised his 30-30, fired and missed. He, who could hit a squirrel with the same rifle at thirty yards, miss a bear at ten? Pumping another shell into the 30-30, he fired again, and as the beast fell at his feet he began to tremble and he now knew why his first shot had missed. At his feet lay not the bear he had expected, but a Wehtigo. He staggered to his sled, and headed for home, not bothering to go back to camp for the necessary supplies for the three day trip.

* * *

In order to find out more about the Wehtigo and how it came to be, I wrote to the Indian Affairs Branch in Ottawa and got the following reply.

"The term Wehtigo referred originally to an evil spirit of which the Indians stood very much in dread. The name came to be applied to an Indian into whom the evil spirit had entered, and who was affected thereby with the craving to eat some human being, usually a child."

"The Wehtigo was supposed to have super-human strength and cunning. All that saved those he wished to kill, according to tradition, was the warning that preceded his coming. Large foot-prints in the snow were among the signs by which Indians thought they could detect the presence of the evil spirits."

"When an Indian showed signs of having become a Wehtigo, songs and incantations were used by the medicine men to effect a cure. When these did not appear to have the desired result, the Indians felt justified, in view of self preservation, in taking the life of the Wehtigo."

"The Chippewa and Ottawa Indians believed that a tribe of cannibals inhabited an island in Hudson Bay. This mythical tribe was called Wehtigo, and the term came to be used to describe an insane person with a tendency to commit murder and to devour the flesh of his victims."

The person in Ottawa who replied to my letter seemed quite sure that the Wehtigo was a mythical being, but Gilbert's story was very different from this. He arrived home weak and exhausted, babbling like a child, words that no one could understand. Only after a week in bed, being fed like a baby, did he regain his senses. Gilbert was a sane, normal, healthy man, who had served many terms as chief and councillor on the reserve, so his story cannot be credited to the figment of an exaggerated imagination.

* * *

At the time it was believed that there were no survivors of this shipwreck in Hudson Bay, but more recent happenings and beliefs are contrary to this. Supporting the possibility that there were survivors, is the appearance of a creature in Canada's northlands, which is known to the Indians as a Wehtigo. The Wehtigo very much resembles a man and is covered with brownish black fur. It is about six feet tall and weighs roughly 250 pounds. Its arms are long and powerful and its feet are shaped like those of a man, but have no toes. The Wehtigo walks upright like a man and has a face so ugly that it is repulsive to look at, and once seen is never forgotten.

The Wehtigo's tracks have been reported by trappers in remote areas along the northern fringe of the tree line from Hudson's Bay to the Rockies, and one was reported as being shot in the North-west Territories about seventy-five years ago; as well as the more recent shooting in Manitoba.

A theory of the appearance of this creature is that it is the descendant of sailors shipwrecked in Hudson Bay, perhaps as long ago as the seventeenth century. In the stark region of Hudson Bay there would be little food or shelter, and had there been survivors of a shipwreck they would doubtless degenerate in order to adapt themselves to this new way of life. In the degeneration for survival the shipwrecked might have undergone, the reverse of normal evolution, and rather than their bodies improving they grew more hair to protect themselves from the elements, fangs to be better able to cope with their food, and acquired greater strength and size to afford protection.

These creatures had once been human but now had degenerated to the level where they had lost the ability to speak, and their hair covered faces were so ugly that for a person who had seen a Wehtigo, to recall that gruesome face brought mental torture on himself. In order to keep alive the shipwrecked would have had to learn to live like animals, eating the raw meat of smaller animals, such as the shrew, degenerating more and more all the time, becoming more animal than human, until they became what the Indians call the Wehtigo. The Wehtigo, being powerful, might even prey on larger beasts, such as the timber wolf, a beast which the Indians often associate with it, for if a lone wolf were to pass through their village at night, this to them would

be a bad omen and a sign that the Wehtigo was nearby.

Perhaps the Wehtigo, a descendant of human beings had even degenerated to the point where it would eat other humans if given the chance.

—Alan Graham
Form VI Upper

Desolation

There was steam coming off the desert of Manitoba in the early morning rays of the sun. The desert came to view before my eyes. It was cold, unmoving; the sand dunes stretched out for miles. There was no cheerful sight or sound of life existing, or ever having existed there in my first glances of the desert. As I walked, however, I saw the wellworn trail of jack rabbits, but not one stirred. There was no cheerful movement in the coarse sand and sparsely situated tumbleweed.

There was the track of a sidewinder, but only the track, no more. Further on was the cool pleasing odour of the spruce trees. And then came the trees themselves. It was a thin wood with a moss rug under the silent boughs which no wind disturbed. It was discovered that this was only the frame. The forest inside was burnt, a charred ruin of a forest.

The sun was above the dunes now and was beating mercilessly down on creatures not sheltered from it. Along the way were bones of luckless animals who had not found a waterhole and had laid down, tortured by the seemingly sadistic sun, until the cold night stole upon them and killed them.

There was no movement now in the sand except for the ants working on their coarse floor in the heat of noon. The sun sweltered in the cloudless sky; the air was dry and the cruel sun was beating on a desolate barren waste. The desert was hot underfoot, the air full of dust, stirred up by a wind which rose suddenly. There was going to be a sand storm. In a seemingly desolate wilderness a movement had occurred.

—Blair Carlson
Form III Upper

How to Get Lost

It had started out to be a fun-filled afternoon at the movies but it turned out to be a disaster for me. Not the kind of disaster anyone would think of, but one which was to frighten me much and leave me with a memory that I would never forget.

It all started when my father told me that I could not go to a movie because our whole family was going to a really posh restaurant to celebrate New Year's Day. But after I pleaded for awhile, he finally consented provided that I be home at five o'clock sharp!

So here I now was filling my face with popcorn and enjoying a horror movie which after, I wished I had never seen. Well, the show went on and I sat there thoroughly enjoying myself until I noticed that I had only half an hour to get home. I bade farewell to my friends and departed. This was my first time downtown without a parent or experienced friend so I naturally became afraid when I came out on the noisy streets. However, just when I was relieved at having spotted my bus stop, the bus roared by while I was still on the other side of the street. Because I was unfamiliar with the surroundings, I decided to stay close to the stop and hope that the next bus would come soon and carry me to "home sweet home."

Booming buses approached from all over but none of them was the one that I wanted. As my anxiety grew, so did my fear. I had hoped that my friends would come out of the theatre soon, for they were 'old hands' at this downtown business. Yet they never came. I asked various people if the bus I wanted was running at the time and their replies were all yes—so I waited . . . for some time. I hadn't noticed a small clock across the street, but when I did, my fear reached a high peak. It was then that I did the most foolish thing that I have ever done. I began walking—walking in a world that was unknown to me!

I was walking blindly and I knew it, but I kept on. The terrain seemed to change after a long while. Gone were the tall department stores and in their place stood tiny bungalows, surrounded by small stubby trees. Gone was the continual din of traffic; only the odd car passed now. Things were becoming desolate. The thin film of soot that coated the houses and land around told me a freight yard was nearby. The idea of being lost materialized now and before I knew it, my eyes were fast filling with tears.

I encountered a man and woman as I approached a train underpass. I enquired where I could find the bus that would take me home and I was informed that I was about three miles away from the nearest stop. This only served to make me feel more 'lost', but after receiving information on how to get to the stop, I was on my way again. Now that I knew the way back, my tension was relieved somewhat. However, I dreaded the consequences of being over one and a half hours late for New Year's dinner. I was relieved when I boarded the last of a succession of buses. I don't think any bus will ever be a greater comfort to me than that 'last' one was.

Upon getting off that bus at my stop, I ran all the way home. I half expected to find the family still there, waiting for me, but all I found was a gruff note, saying that sandwiches were in the refrigerator. Just then the phone rang and I recognized my father's voice on the other end. Without letting me explain anything, he told me to get changed into my Sunday-best, because he was coming around to pick me up.

I was greeted by a very stern voice which ordered me into the car. Upon explanation of my plight to Dad, he saw it in a different way and pardoned me for my disobedience.

I enjoyed dinner that night but I think I would have enjoyed it even more if I had not undergone the terrifying experience an hour before.

—David Boulton
Form III Upper

Why Not Read James Bond in the Classroom?

The James Bond cult, a fast-growing phenomenon, has now reached the classroom—under clandestine circumstances, of course. Because of this fact, the question "Why not read James Bond in the classroom?" has arisen.

Taken at face value, reading James Bond in class possesses unmistakable virtues. Few things are quite as relieving as turning from a frustrating Mathematics class to an assuaging love scene, performed in true Bond style. Surely the monotony of a geography class can in no way be compared to the excitement of James Bond saving the world from the malicious schemes of a villain like Goldfinger. Even Literature class, which presents the student with gripping pieces of reading like "Richard the Second", has a difficult time rivalling the exploits of secret agent, double-O seven.

Nevertheless, the practice of reading James Bond novels in class, is not a wise one. Without a doubt, James Bond thrillers are great books to read; they were popular even unto the tastes of the late John F. Kennedy, but they are not for the classroom. The classroom is a hall of learning and what can be learned from a thriller is negligible. The classroom should not be perverted to the point where thrillers and cheap novels are read freely in it. Indeed, the people who would dare to pervert and degrade the classroom this way are precisely the people who should be working.

James Bond should not be read in the classroom. The novels were not designed for the purpose of distracting students, however good they may be at it. They pervert the high ideals of learning in the classroom and can only harm a student's studies.

—Doug Mackay
Form IV Upper

The Teenage Individual or Conformist

"John Ravenscourt for Prime Minister." So reads the sign of a crew cut youth, in plaid shorts, red sneakers and a sweat shirt, who is standing on the corner of Portage and Main. It is only thirty

degrees above zero but a radical fervor and a glow of accomplishment supply the necessary warmth to his grinning face. He's got a gimmick, he's doing something different and he's sure that others think he's really quite clever. This boy is an individual, in that few have tried to install. J. Ravenscourt in public office. Conversely, he is very run-of-the-mill in that all boys his age love to produce a really spectacular stunt. This is the art of being different, and all teenagers heartily subscribe to it. This does not imply that youth enjoys being out of style, but rather it adores setting the style. Fads thrive on this ideology; once conceived, they are adopted by everyone. However, as soon as the new fad becomes uniform, another starts and the former is deserted.

This conformist attitude is not just manifest in choice of clothing, but rather in thought, word and deed all fall under the stencil. Teenagers desiring to be a popular member of the "in group" must live according to its dictates. They look the same, like the same music, appreciate the same automobiles, enjoy the same food and in general, assume the role of "Mr. Stereotype."

Of course, there are exceptions to the island masses. The leader of the pack must be constantly changing and setting the styles to remain at the top. He owns the fastest car, the fastest girl and status of being number one. There is a second little class of people who, for one reason or another, "don't rate." The obese beings, the profound stupidheads, and the extremely clever, booky types are the "rejects". Either by choice or conviction this group retains its singularity. Group number three is the class of those most likely to succeed. These are the winners in the adult life. They are the true individuals simply because they follow their beliefs and live according to no code but their own. It takes courage to break away from the conformists, winning only jeers and derision in the place of respect and commendation.

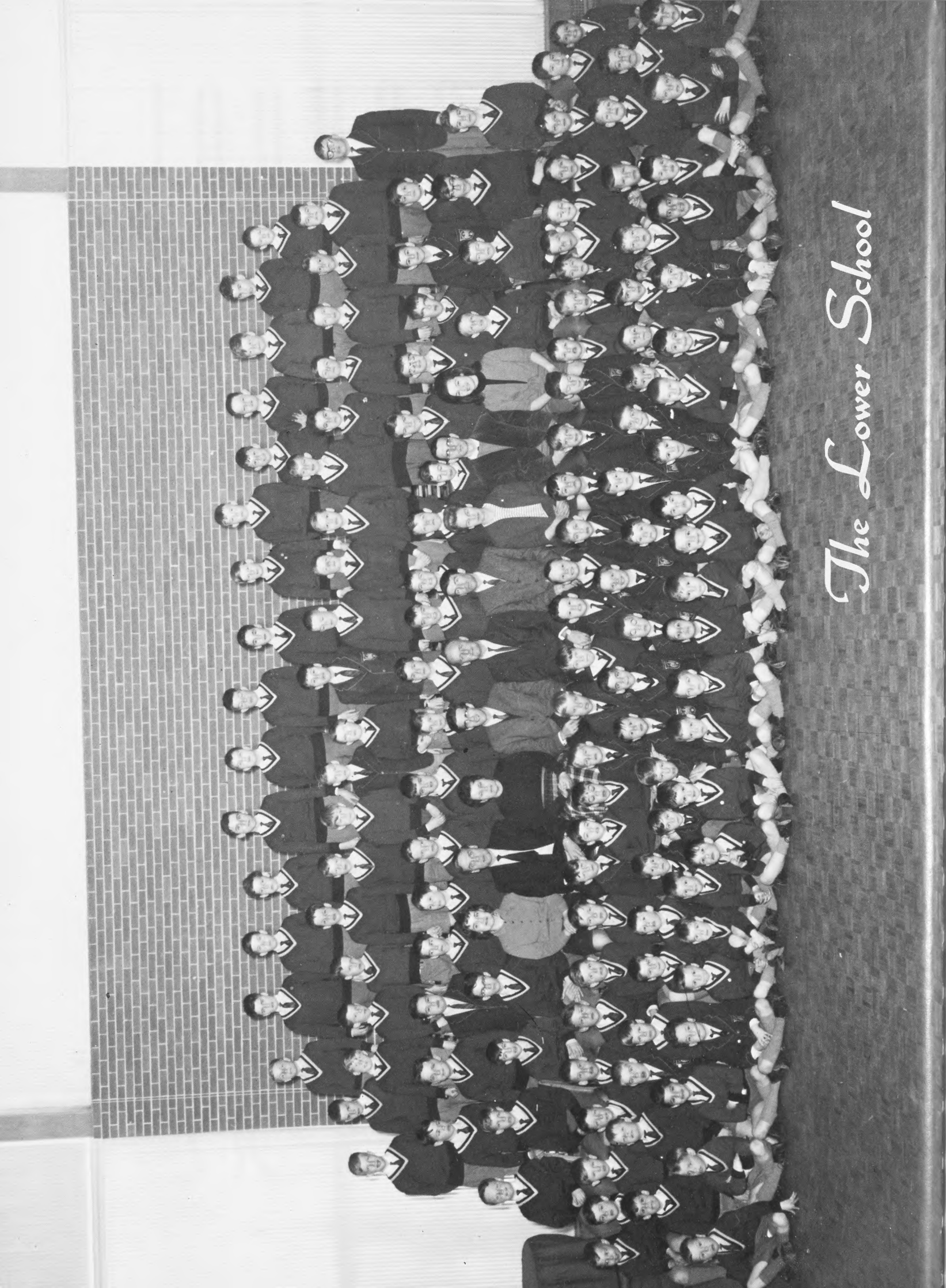
So goes the story; the weak conform while the wild and willful go against the current. The teenager is the conformist. It is the young man that is the individual.

—Bob McCaskill
Form V Upper

LOWER SCHOOL



HR



The Lower School

Headmaster's Foreword

It has been, to say the least of it, a noisy year. A whole series of cacophonous instruments provided an unwelcome accompaniment to the usual classroom sounds. At one time a pile-driver would punctuate the school teacher's words, and at another the din of children released from the bondage of the classroom would compete with the incessant chatter of the pneumatic drill.

Such has been the effect of the construction of a fine new edifice which will house amongst other things the whole of the Lower School. This building, rising like a phoenix from the site of the old Lower School wing will enable our fledglings to fly with less restriction.

With the old spirit in a new body, the Lower School phoenix will spread its wings once more in the arrogant assurance of its new-found youth, and those who are used to the dusty scribbles of bygone generations etched deep in the walls of older buildings will gaze, possibly bemused, but far from disinterestedly, at the concrete masterpiece which will then surround us.

Form VII



Back: Hutchings, Fraser, Kobrinsky, Smith, Gardiner, Wright, Bruce, McKnight, Kilgour, Vonvegesack, Lawrence, Squire. **Middle:** Everett, Bracken, Richardson, Donahue, Tucker, Jacques, David, Wood, Livingston, Large, Frith, McConnell. **Front:** Black, Cires, Spooner, Bredin, Shepherd, Gill, Heffelfinger, McDonald, McPherson, Campbell.

Lower School Officers



Back: Bredin, Gardiner, Hutchings, Donahue, Tucker, David, Livingston, Kobrinsky, Frith, Everett.
Front: Jacques, Bracken, Spooner, Mr. Kiddell, Mr. Stewart, McPherson, Heffelfinger, McDonald, Campbell.

Headboy's Report

This year has been a good year, with the Playground teams winning at least one game each. A Junior Basketball team has been formed by Mr. Stewart; the judo club has been restarted. There have been many new clubs forming this year, such as the Rifle Club and the Sailing Club. A choir has been formed by Mr. Shepherd, and a French choir by Madame Perrault.

As far as games are concerned, the tides have been turned in favour of Hamber instead of Richardson. The new wing is being built and should be finished by next school year. It will become an almost entirely Lower School-inhabited building, providing the Lower School with many new and better facilities. A new way of cleaning classrooms has been adopted, the boys of each classroom cleaning their own. There has been a competition for the grade with the best-cleaned classroom, and as this is being written, Grade Four is winning. The number of boarders has increased from 21 to 31. Two weeks ago the rinks were nearly ruined by warm weather, but not before we finished our House Hockey. The Lower School boarders have intruded on the Upper School on the third floor of Hamber Hall by taking over some of the Grade Eight dormitories.

New Staff

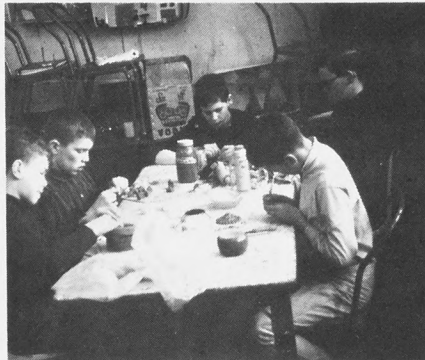
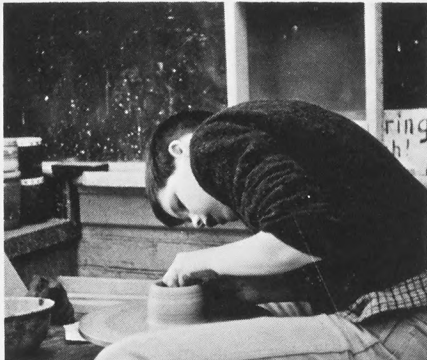
Mr. Shepherd



Mr. Shepherd graduated from Dane's Hill College, Nottingham, England, majoring in Literature and Music. Before coming to S.J.R., he taught at a mixed English State School in Bradford, Yorkshire. He teaches English to Forms 5, 6, 7, and 7 EW, and is in charge of two choirs, a Junior, Lower School one, and an Upper School one. He also finds time to help out a small guitar folk-singing group.

Mr. Shepherd's favorite sports are badminton, squash, tennis, and swimming; he likes all kinds of good music from jazz to grand opera, and is a meticulous dresser. We wish him a long and eventful future at S.J.R.

The Potters' Club



All the boys who last year were members of the Potters' Club returned to the Club this year.

Although we are at present still short of space, we get along quite well. The two wheels which we have are in constant use.

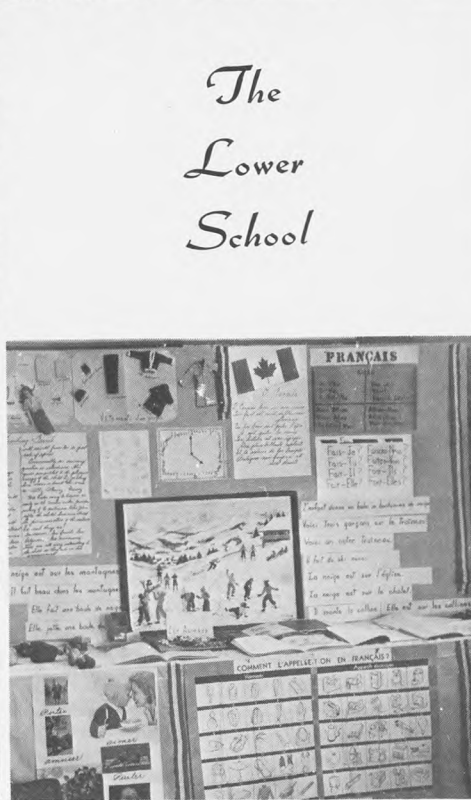
We are planning to make enough attractive pots to sell at the Guild Tea. With the money from the sale we hope to purchase a third wheel which will allow us to expand the Club.

We meet every Saturday afternoon from two-thirty to five-thirty or until such time as Mrs. Nagy manages to get rid of us. We have a fifteen minute break for tea.

All the glazes which we use are made in the School and we are constantly adding to our repertoire of glazes by doing extensive glaze research. We do not use commercial glazes.

We are all looking forward to our larger and improved facilities as well as an extended Art Program.

—Stewart Searle



Hamber House Report

This has been an excellent year for Hamber. The Seniors did exceedingly well in Soccer, Hockey, Cross-Country, Borden Ball and Basketball. The Juniors won every team competition with flying colours, and the Seniors doing well in all but Flag Football, Hamber has never had it so good. Most important to the smaller ones who did not participate in Athletics is the Honours and Stripes candies. This is a total effort by the House which has been well-supported.

I hope very much that Hamber continues to do this well in the oncoming year.

—**Scott McPherson**
House Captain.

Richardson House Report

Up to this point Richardson has had a good year although we have failed to win the Honours total during the winter months, we did well in Athletics.

The Juniors won Football and won most of our Hockey and Basketball games. When the semi-finals rolled around, we were overpowered by the other Houses. However, they were most disappointing because the other Houses seemed to overpower them in everything except Basketball where we received second.

I would like to thank Mr. Gill and Mrs. Murray for their help and encouragement during the year.

—**Totton Heffelfinger**
House Captain.

Young House Report

Young House has been doing very well this year in sports, but has won no finals as yet. We have come up with three monthly top places in the Honours and Stripes, and have a total of 5089 honours for the first two terms. With baseball coming up, we should do better. People like Jacques, Henderson, McMurray are a great asset to the team. It has been a prosperous year, and I am pleased to have been the captain of such a fine House.

—**John Bredin**
House Captain.

New House Report

We have successfully established ourselves in sports and many other activities since our formation last year. Some boys have been let down by people who collect stripes, while they are busy working for honours. In the Seniors, we came from the last spot in Hockey to a booming championship! The Cross-Country races are our pride and joy, for we finished first in that event also. New House didn't lead Basketball, but we tried valiantly. The leaders of our House are: House Captain, Robbie McDonald; Sports Captain, Jamie Campbell; and House Monitor, Brad Gardiner.

—**Robbie McDonald**
House Captain.
Form 7 EW

House Soccer



Back: Morris, Kilgour, Menzies, McPherson, Richardson. **Front:** Wright, Spooner, David, Tucker, Hammond.

Hamber dominated both Junior and Senior House soccer during the Fall term, piling up comfortable leads in both leagues, and winning both Cup Finals. However, all senior teams were much improved over last year, and as the league points suggest, there was not much to choose between top and bottom teams. Soccer standards have improved tremendously, and all games were hard-fought contests, this being especially evident in the Cup semies and finals in which five games went to draws, and a flip of a coin and first goal had to decide the eventual winner. Two left feet, hands, and other uncoordinations are rapidly disappearing, much to the delight of the Masters and the players. Keep up the improvements and you will have an even better soccer season next Fall.

Senior and Junior Standings:

Senior:

| | GP | Won | Tied | Lost | Points |
|------------|----|-----|------|------|--------|
| HAMBER | 9 | 5 | 2 | 2 | 12 |
| RICHARDSON | 9 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 7 |
| YOUNG | 9 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 8 |
| NEW | 9 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 9 |

Junior:

| | GP | Won | Tied | Lost | Points |
|------------|----|-----|------|------|--------|
| HAMBER | 9 | 7 | 1 | 1 | 15 |
| RICHARDSON | 9 | 0 | 2 | 7 | 2 |
| YOUNG | 9 | 5 | 0 | 4 | 10 |
| NEW | 9 | 4 | 1 | 4 | 9 |



Back: Alexander, Weare, Riley, F. Cooper, Ferguson. **Front:** Waddell, H. Cooper, McMorris, Quinton, Beaton.

Track and Field

New Records—1964:

Sr. High Jump: P. McGee—J. Fraser: 4'3"
 Sr. Long Jump: G. Tutiah: 14'7"
 Sr. Ball Throw: T. Semans: 224'
 Jr. 80 yard Dash: B. Chapman: 10.7 sec.
 Jr. Ball Throw: B. Chapman: 144'10"

Final House Standings:

| | | |
|------------------|-----|--------|
| Hamber | 277 | points |
| Richardson | 315 | points |
| Young | 279 | points |
| New | 259 | points |

Richardson House proved to be much too strong for its opposition. Headed by McGee, and followed by such athletes as Heffelfinger, Robinson, Saunders, and company, they dominated most of the Divisions. McGee was the overall senior performer, Campbell of New House the Intermediate, Chapman of New the Junior champ, and Saunders its Midget.

Senior Flag Football

For variety, senior players went to Flag Football on the odd day, and it was soon obvious that Richardson was the powerhouse of the league. Using the large soccer and twelve-man fields, the the 8-men teams had ample room to move around and many an exciting end-run and long forward pass was accomplished.

Standings:

| | GP | Won | Tied | Lost | Points |
|------------|----|-----|------|------|--------|
| HAMBER | 6 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 4 |
| RICHARDSON | 6 | 5 | 1 | 0 | 11 |
| YOUNG | 6 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| NEW | 6 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 5 |



Back: Smith, Heffelfinger, P., Heffelfinger, T., Webster, Saunders, Fraser. **Front:** Kobrinsky, Richardson, Frith, Livingston, Edwards, Beech.

Junior Borden Ball

Borden-Ball, our hodge-podge game of Basketball, Football, and Soccer, was enjoyed by the Juniors as a break from the Soccer League. Hamber established strong lines, as in Soccer, led by McMorris, Ferguson, Cooper, and Riley, who dominated most of the play. Young House, with Johnson playing his heart out, gave most of the opposition for Hamber.

Standings:

| | GP | Won | Tied | Lost | Points |
|------------|----|-----|------|------|--------|
| HAMBER | 6 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 12 |
| RICHARDSON | 6 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 2 |
| YOUNG | 6 | 4 | 0 | 2 | 8 |
| NEW | 6 | 0 | 2 | 4 | 2 |



Back: Lacoski, Alexander, Riley, Weare, Cooper, H., Ferguson.
Front: Beaton, Quinton, McMorris, Waddell, Cooper, F.

Cross-Country

Cross-country has become a once-a-month (minimum) this year rather than the usual once a year effort. Up to this time, Richardson Senior and Junior teams have a combined 17½ points to leave New House at 17, and Hamber and Young following closely at 14 and 11 points. A team of the best distance-runners was picked from all the houses to compete against the Junior High Schools, and over two races held at St. Vital and S.J.R., the team finished fourth and fifth out of eight teams running. Runners to watch in the future are Campbell, Heffelfinger, Wright, and Gardner, all very strong long-distance athletes.



Back: Smith, Wright, Gardiner, Heffelfinger, Spooner, McConnell, Donahue, Hutchings. **Front:** Black, Squire, Campbell, Tutiah, Richardson, Edwards, McPherson, McDonald.

Basketball



Back: McPherson, Donahue, Spooner, David, Morris. **Front:** Richardson, Wright, Kilgour, Menzies, Hammond.

Only New proved a weak sister in the league, the other three providing keen competition for the championship. Basketball skills improved steadily, and by the third round, dribbling was included in the games. In semi-final play, Young knocked off Richardson and Hamber overcame New. The final was an exciting match with Young led by Tutiah and Wood, taking an early lead, but Hamber, with sharp foul-shooting, took charge, and the game ended 13-11.

| | GP | Won | Tied | Lost | Points |
|------------|----|-----|------|------|--------|
| HAMBER | 9 | 6 | 2 | 1 | 13 |
| RICHARDSON | 9 | 6 | 3 | 0 | 12 |
| YOUNG | 9 | 5 | 3 | 1 | 11 |
| NEW | 9 | 0 | 9 | 0 | 0 |

Junior:

Hamber proved unbeatable in this game as well, and gave away few points to defend their title as Junior Champs. Ferguson, Riley, and McMorris provided most of the scoring punch, as they overcame a strong Richardson House in the final, 13-9.

| | GP | Won | Tied | Lost | Points |
|------------|----|-----|------|------|--------|
| HAMBER | 9 | 9 | 0 | 0 | 18 |
| RICHARDSON | 9 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 7 |
| YOUNG | 9 | 3 | 5 | 1 | 7 |
| NEW | 9 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 4 |



Back: Lacoski, Alexander, Riley, Ferguson, Weare, Cooper. **Front:** Waddell, Cooper, McMorris, Beaton, Quinton.

Speedskating

Individual Races:

Senior: T. Heffelfinger, 3 laps, 58.8 sec.
Intermediate: S. Frith, 3 laps, 61.5 sec.
Junior: A. Kiddell, 2 laps, 44.9 sec.
Midget: J. Sanders, 2 laps, 43.5 sec.
Form 3: Flintoft, 1½ laps, 39.5 sec.
Form 2: R. Barry, 1 lap, 42.8 sec.
Form 1: M. McGoe, 1 length, 13 sec.

This year's speed-skating points couldn't have been spread more evenly, with three houses tied for first, and the last House two points away. On the first day of competition, Young House led Hamber by ½ point, but in the team relays, two days later, Richardson and Hamber pulled ahead in the Midget race. Young came back strongly in the Junior Division, and from there on in it was nip and tuck as to who would win. New tried valiantly to pull up with the other three, but did not have enough depth.

Relays:

| | | |
|--------------------|------------|------|
| Senior: Richardson | 4 x 2 laps | 3.45 |
| Intermediate: New | 4 x 2 laps | 3.35 |
| Junior: Young | 4 x 1 laps | 1:30 |
| Midget: Hamber | 4 x 1 laps | 1:49 |

House Standings:

| | |
|------------|-----------|
| Hamber | 17 points |
| Richardson | 17 points |
| Young | 17 points |
| New | 15 points |



McGoe, Flintoft, Barry, Sanders, Kiddell, Frith, Heffelfinger.

Senior House Hockey

Richardson seemed to be the powerhouse in hockey this year, although as in soccer, all teams seemed to be quite well-balanced. Richardson finished on top in league play, but in the semi-finals came up against a spirited Young House crowd led by Jacques, Bracken and Henderson, and lost 3-1. At the same time, a much-improved New House captured a 2-1 victory over second-place Hamber. As a result, the final pitched the third and fourth place teams against each other, and New House, supported by McDonald, Gardner, and McKnight rolled over a somewhat confused Young by a 4-0 score.



Back: Newman, Gardiner, Campbell, Large, Vonvegesack, McConnell, Hutchings. **Front:** Malcolmson, Gallagher, McKnight, Black, McDonald, Briggs.

Standings:

| | GP. | WON | TIED | LOST | POINTS |
|------------------|-----|-----|------|------|--------|
| HAMBER | 9 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 11 |
| RICHARDSON | 9 | 6 | 2 | 1 | 14 |
| YOUNG | 9 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 6 |
| NEW | 9 | 2 | 1 | 6 | 5 |

Junior House Hockey

Standings:

| | GP. | WON | TIED | LOST | POINTS |
|------------------|-----|-----|------|------|--------|
| HAMBER | 9 | 9 | 0 | 0 | 18 |
| RICHARDSON | 9 | 1 | 1 | 7 | 3 |
| YOUNG | 9 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 8 |
| NEW | 9 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 7 |

Hamber Juniors, led by Beaton, McMorris and Riley, played unbeatable hockey, and romped away with the Junior title. In playoff matches, Young overcame New easily, while Hamber toyed with Richardson, and then did the same to Young to the tune of 5-2 in the finals.



Back: Lacoski, Weare, Alexander, Riley, Ferguson, McMorris. **Front:** Beaton, Cooper, H., Waddell, Quinton, Cooper, F.

Playground A Hockey



Back: Everett, Campbell, Jacques, Mr. Beare, Henderson, Smith. **Front:** Black, Wright, Bracken, Livingston, Heffelfinger, McConnell, McPherson. **Missing:** Donahue.

The Playground A team got off to a poor start, but quickly made up for it, beating and tying Wildwood and tying the Upper School Playground A's. Donahue and Heffelfinger led the scoring, and Livingston did a good job at goal. Mr. Kiddell and Mr. Beare were the coaches.

| GP | Wins | Ties | Losses | Goals | For and Against |
|----|------|------|--------|-------|-----------------|
| 10 | 1 | 2 | 7 | 22 | 68 |

Playground B Hockey

This year Playground B had an exciting season. Although the only team we could beat was Victoria, we had many close calls. Ross McKnight, a top-rate goalie saved the day on many a memorable occasion. The sight of defenceman Spooner madly swooping in with his pants at half-mast to defend his goal, or the sight of McDonald viciously boarding the biggest of the opponents, will never be forgotten. Frith's nimble dribbling of the puck with his feet must have surely confused the enemy. The season has been a most enjoyable one, and we thank Mr. Gill for coaching us.



Back: David, Gardiner, McMurray, Mr. Gill, Spooner, Hutchings, Bowes. **Front:** Vonvegessack, Squire, Menzies, McKnight, Kilgour, Bredin, Frith.

School Soccer



Back: McPherson, Wood, Bracken, Kilgour, David, Bredin. **Middle:** Gardiner, Tucker, Spooner, Heffelfinger, McConnell, Frith. **Front:** Wright, Fraser, Black, Campbell, Vonvegessack, Smith, Hutchings.

The four games played this year gave the First Eleven added experience, and helped to sharpen House Play. The team improved gradually, and reached a peak in the final match against Varennes, scoring two goals, and helping Spooner to a shut-out. Campbell, Donahue, Bredin, and Frith proved to be the backbone of the team, along with steady stand-up play from Spooner.

The Second Eleven (Form VI) played one match against Oakenwald, and this proved to be an exciting 1-1 game.

Scores:

| | |
|-----------------|-----|
| SJR vs Norberry | 0-2 |
| SJR vs Norberry | 1-2 |
| SJR vs Varennes | 0-5 |
| SJR vs Varennes | 2-0 |

Playground C Hockey

It's been a long time! Finally after two drought-filled years, a near-championship for this plucky, hard skating team. Finishing one game out of second place in the South Division, S.J.R. may feel proud in the fact that the League Champions, Westridge, were beaten by our team. One of the best-balanced teams ever, the group, moving into Playground B next year and for the years to come should prove a winner. There were no individual stars on the team, with every member playing hard for his line, defence, or goal, and this was shown most strongly in the final Westridge match.



Back: Boulton, Richardson, Lawrence, Mr. Stewart, Riley, Wood, Morris, Edwards. **Front:** Gallagher, Saunders, Johnson, Beaton, McMorris. **Ends:** Tucker and Kiddell.

League:

| | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| SJR vs. St. Norbert |4-1 and 6-1 |
| SJR vs. Westridge |0-5 and 3-1 |
| SJR vs. Ft. Garry |0-6 and 1-5 |
| SJR vs. Wildwood |9-0 and 7-6 |
| SJR vs. Victoria |3-1 and 1-1 |

Exhibition and Knockout:

| | |
|-------------------|----------|
| SJR vs. Ft. Garry |4-4 |
| SJR vs. Tuxedo |1-9 |
| SJR vs. RCAF |3-0 |
| SJR vs. Glenwood |0-8 |

A Trip To Souris

A COLD CAMPING TRIP

One frosty rainy Saturday in September, the boarders of the Lower School left for Souris, after an hour of laborious packing, on a camping-rock-collecting trip.

The first thirty-five miles of the trip were uneventful, but after about forty minutes we thought we had left Mr. Stewart behind. Mr. Gill pulled over to the side and Mr. Kiddell followed. We agreed to turn around and search for Mr. Stewart's car and all occupants, dead or alive. Ten miles farther back, we found the lost car at a service station getting its spare tire put on after a near-serious blow-out.

We arrived in Wawanesa at about four-thirty in the afternoon and had a hot cup of cocoa in a restaurant on the main street. When we arrived at Souris, we had to search around for fifteen minutes to find a suitable spot for pitching camp, which consisted of our tents and supplies. It took about an hour to set up the tents, and then we prepared supper.

For supper we had steak and potatoes cooked over an open fire in tinfoil, a rather crude but effective process. After supper there was a sing-song conducted by Mr. Stewart whose guitar had survived the blowout. Everyone joined in and made it a success.

I believe that was the coldest night I have ever slept. The tents were all overpopulated except for Mr. Gill's which contained the Masters!!

On Sunday after all was packed and all missing spoons were located, everybody collected rocks until lunch. Almost immediately after lunch, we set out by car for Wawanesa on a fossil-collecting trip for thirty minutes. After that we said goodbye to Souris and returned home without any casualties.



Literary

A Midway

While approaching the Midway, the first sign of it is the ear-splitting din of the calliope, but when you are right in the thick of it, the hubbub changes to the clamor and racket of the "rides", each one with its particular form of music. Then come the many barkers, with their raucous voices attempting to persuade people to see their shows or buy their wares. While the spectators observe the caged animals, the howling, roaring, growling, and bawling of the lions, tigers, monkeys, and others is distracting to the ear.

The Midway has a smell of its own. There is the pungent odour of onions from hamburgers, the reeking fumes of hot fat used for some of their foods and for most of their cooking.

As you pass by the caged animals, ammoniacal odours assail the nostrils.

The overall picture of the Midway is bright and glittering. Everything which is paintable is painted in bright glaring colours. There are coloured, bright, fluttering pennants everywhere. The performers are dressed in shiny clothes and gaudy costumes.

All this garishness is done for a purpose; it is to excite your senses and put you in a free spending mood.

—Jim Black
Form 7.

Monkey Fun

A few years ago, a shipment of monkeys came from a circus and many zoos. They were sent here because they needed training. All went well for a few months, but then they started acting in a funny manner. They tried to get out, so were put in a larger cage. When they were fed, the attendant dropped his keys without knowing it.

The monkeys saw this and thought of something. They got the keys and were about to open the door when some people came along. "Look at the monkey with the toy keys," one cried. They all laughed and soon went away.

Very shortly the monkeys broke out of their cage and ran around the zoo. An hour later they found an exit and ran around the town. Soon they came to a very strange place that we call a

"hockey rink" but they didn't know it. By climbing up a wall they found a trap-door. They opened it and saw the strangest things—some two-armed creatures with metal feet and leather hands . . . in these hands they held a wood thing with which they hit each other and a round black thing, and tried to get it into a type of cage. In front of the cage was a monster trying to stop the little thing.

In the midst of a very exciting play, the referee looked up and saw, of all things, two monkeys dangling from a time-clock, while a player was about to shoot. He blew his whistle and asked everyone to remain seated while he closed all the exists and phoned the zoo. Later he came back and began to say, "I have just phoned the zoo to tell them about this. We will, since the period is only thirty seconds old, start again . . ." Very shortly the zoo attendant came along. "How can we get them down from there?" one asked. "That is a good question," replied the other. They thought and thought. "Can you lower the time-clock?" they asked the referee. "Yes," he replied.

So it happened that they lowered the clock and put the monkeys back in the cage to take them to the zoo.

The monkeys liked it too!

—David Searle
Form 5

Spanish Gold

The old schooner sailed
On the summer sea,
And left the islands
Behind with glee.

Filled to the brim
With Spanish gold,
She cut the waves
With ten men bold.

A storm blew up
With rain and thunder
And by the morning
The ship was under.

The gold is left
For those who dare
To cross the sea,
And find it there.

—Royden Richardson
Form 6

The Rescue on the Ice

It was late in the night when Johnny Kootchuk and his friend, Nakum Koolak, returned from their hunting expedition. They were tired and glum. Their tribe had not been able to locate any signs of walruses . . . the situation was serious.

"Nakum, we must find game soon or we shall starve. All the men of our village have gone to the trading post to exchange pelts for other goods that we need. Just the women and children are left and the men won't be back for weeks!"

"You are right, Johnny, the situation is desperate, but I have an idea. We will split up into groups, you will take Naki and I will take Chinook. We will depart first thing in the morning and meet here at sunset." With this thought in mind the two friends parted. The next day would mean life or death.

Next morning the two groups set out as planned. Nakum and Chinook found signs of their prey almost immediately. A few minutes passed, the beast was now in range; a quick flick of the wrist and the animal fell to the ground . . . dead.

The walrus was no sooner hoisted out of the water when the ridge of ice that the boys were standing on broke off! The ice sheet was over two miles in diameter. All they had were a few matches and a knife. The sun was setting. For protection they built an igloo.

A storm had blown up so the boys retired to their igloo. Within an hour their hut was blown away! There they were, asleep in freezing temperatures. When they woke up they found themselves in their rooms at home! Johnny and Nakum were standing over them and Johnny explained:

"When the storm broke out we went back to the village, thinking you would do the same. When we found that you were not there we were worried. Then we went out to look for you. Soon we came to the carcass of the walrus. When we looked closely, we found the remains of a snow fort. Naki looked out into the bay and saw a mass of plain ice on which were two black figures. We took our kayak to the ice, carried you both back to it and paddled back to the village. Then we brought back the walrus and here we are.

"Safe at last," said Chinook with a weak grin.

—Nathan Kobrinsky
Form 7

The Woods During a Storm

The world was at the mercy of the storm. The lightning flashed. Above, the wind sheered the trees, the thunder cracked and roared making the earth quiver and shake. In the foreground, trees which couldn't stand the fury of the storm came thundering to the water-saturated earth carrying everything which was in their deathly path. The creatures of the wild were terrified and some were running hypnotically into the falling trees and were crushed to death by the weight. Others ran to get away from the storm, not looking to see if the creature beside him was the hunter or the hunted. I, too, ran half out of my senses, stumbling over everything at my feet. The rain now came down in torrents and struck you with such force that the droplets felt like a thousand wasp-bites.

I dropped in my tracks at the foot of a steep cliff and found shelter under an overhang of the moss and fungus covered rock form. There I sat, wet and gasping for air.

During the most ruthless part of the storm's fury a bolt of lightning descended from the heavens and set a battered fur tree ablaze. The storm soon proved that it was weakening by having the rains subside and the thunder and lightning were limited to the center of the storm.

By the time the next morning had rolled around, the sun was able to cast its golden beams on all the damage and destruction of the storm.

—Jamie Campbell
Form 7 EW

Summer

Summer is the time for fun
When I can jump and laugh and run,
When I don't have to wear a coat,
And I can often sail a boat
Upon the lake by rocky shore
And listen while the rapids roar.

This is the time when in the trees
The birds sing many songs with ease;
Their pretty colours catch the eye
As they pursue the fire-fly.
The lonesome loon with checkered back
Disturbs me when I hit the sack.

The chipmunks and the saucy squirrels
Keep Mother Nature in a whirl;
The snake glides softly through the grass
Towards the wood-pile where I pass
With fishing rod and spinning-reel,
And Smokey nosing at my heel.

—George Newman
Form 6

Ricky and Mickey

Ricky and Mickey were two bad brothers,
They fought themselves and they fought others,
They tried and tried to get their rights
But it always ended up in fights.
They fought awake, they fought in bed,
They fought for years until they were dead.

One fine day in the month of June,
They saw a violin playing a tune;
They argued about who would smash it
And it ended by them both saying dash-it.
The violin had run away
And they were left to sit all day.
They sat and sat until they were sore,
And then they began to fight some more.
They fought and fought on top of the hill,
And maybe they are fighting still . . .

—Jim Black
Form 7 EW

Main Street at Noon

Although the street had been by no means empty previously, with the sounding of the noon signals, there was a noticeable increase in noise and traffic volume. Main Street at noon became bedlam.

Office workers and shoppers spewed from doorways and side streets, joining the throng crowding the main thoroughfare. Individually and in groups people were rushing along the street. Most were in frantic haste to reach their objective: a restaurant or lunch-counter for a hurried meal. Sidewalk drawlers were given malevolent stares or discourteous shoves by people who were in a hurry. On the road, cars and buses added their clamour. Tires screeched, brakes squealed and horns blared. From a side street the undulating whine of a police siren added to the din. The putrid stench of diesel exhaust was evident in the atmosphere trapped between the canyon walls of brick, steel, and glass. Main Street at noon was not a haven of tranquillity.

—Rorie Bruce
Form 7

The Sleigh Ride

We approached our destination, a hill in Stony Mountain. Our feelings were depicted by the looks of fear and determination on our faces. It would indeed be a thrill, though a dangerous one! Peering down the age old path we immediately recognized the texture to be very rough and rock-studded. We walked down to the bottom of the

hill to verify the position of any unseen obstacle. Ascending to our previous position, we arranged the order of our runs. We were ready to go when we reached the peak.

A sternal thrust and we were off, bounding down the hill at a terrific speed. The snow melted as it struck our scared faces. We dodged the rocks and branches by leaning to the right and left. We held on to one another as a drowning man clings to a straw, for in the event of a fall, our heads would be dashed against the sharp rocks.

Our complete descent was soon at hand for though the hill was very long, it was also very steep, boosting our speed. The vertical depth of the hill was soon adjoined by a horizontal plain. The speed of our sleigh slackened as we skimmed along the base of the hill.

When we came to a full stop, we waited for the other sleigh to arrive. It was just then that we realized the full danger that had threatened our safety. The thrill of our adventure then ended, though it will never end to fill our hearts with the feeling of that sleigh ride.

—Nathan Kobrinsky
Form 7 EW

The Wind

From the East, West, South and North,
I issue forth with soft breezes and fierce winds;
I gently blow through the trees with apparent ease,
And then again, I whip the seas.
I whip the plains in lashing fury,
And then down lanes with a gentle flurry
But here I cannot stay for I must be on my way;
From the mountains, land, and sea, I make my way, carefree.

—Michael Menzies
Form 6

Seasons

The Winter's bold
With ground so cold,
And lifeless stand the trees.

The birds in Spring
Are on the wing
And flying in the breeze.

In summer warm
Great is the swarm
Of little buzzing bees.

In golden Fall
The leaves die all,
And brighter colours please.

—Patrick Truelove
Form 5

A Strange Visitor

One night my mother and father decided to go out to a movie. I didn't want to go so I went upstairs to read a book. Around ten-thirty I heard an eerie noise outside. Puzzled, I went to the window to see what it was. It was raining outside and I could not see too well so I tried to think what the sound was. I couldn't. It was such a strange noise I called the police, describing it as a submarine's radar under water; they quickly notified my parents, and told my mother to stay calm, everything would be alright.

They soon got over to our house to see what the noise was, with a famous scientist. In about half an hour they discovered what it was. This shocking discovery was true—a real space ship!

The police went quickly to the nearest military camp to get dynamite and ammunition in case the aliens inside attacked. In about two hours we were ready for the attack. We waited tensely. Everything was quiet; slowly a door opened and out came a gruesome figure. We didn't fire at it because we were too afraid. We kept peace with him and with the help of the president's new top-secret translating machine, we were all able to understand what he was saying. This is what he said: "I and many other aliens inside were forced down to your planet by a fantastic meteor which was actually a very big magnet being drawn towards us by the metal in our ship. We quickly dived into your atmosphere hoping that the meteor would burn up with friction. It did, so now we will be leaving Earth with the help of a little fuel." We gave them some and saying goodbye, they flew out of our atmosphere at three times the speed of light, never to return again.

—Jim Shore
Form 5

In the Nick of Time

We were cruising along at about twenty-five knots. It was a beautiful summer day in the year 1989; the warm Pacific sun shone down on us. We were all perfectly content. Our nuclear reactor could supply us with power almost indefinitely, and we had enough food on board to last a year.

We knew that our sub would travel better underwater, so we decided to go down to two hundred feet. We started to go, 165, 170, 175

feet, when CRASH! we had hit a reef. The sub was sinking fast, the engines were dead, and the entire sub was blacked out. The nuclear reactor was disturbed and a chain reaction could send us sky high. We landed with a clonk at thirty-five hundred feet.

After nearly two hours work we started the engines and limped to the surface. Once on the surface, all the damage was quickly repaired. Suddenly we heard an explosion! We had been torpedoed! We saw a Russian sub about two hundred yards away. Fire torpedoes said the captain. There was a whoosh of air as the torpedoes sped silently on their way. There was a burst of flames at the other end and we could see Russian officers running around and giving orders.

Both of us were stranded and sinking. Obviously the one to sink in this battle loses. Now there was a flash from deck guns, and shells were whistling everywhere. The Russians scored another hit and we were sinking fast. There was no hope for staying up for more than twenty minutes.

Suddenly an American destroyer showed up in the distance. In twenty minutes we were all on board watching our sub sink on its last mission. The destroyer had arrived in the nick of time.

—Michael Hammond
Form 6

The Idiot Box

What is it which everybody sees
While eating their meat, potatoes and peas?
While talking to people and answering the phone,
While feeding their dog a big juicy bone.
Why observe this funny box?
Because it has humour and frightful shocks?
Comedians, newsmen, boys, and girls,
Tumbles, falls, twists, and twirls?
Or to watch a movie called the Saint,
Or maybe a commercial on Latex paint?
Why does it attract so much attention?
It really is a queer invention.
Now I ask you once again,
About this thing that works in rain,
Although the screen may sometimes snow,
We are hypnotized by an eerie glow,
Now kindly answer if you please,
What is it which everybody sees?

—Scott McPherson
Form 7 EW

The Rock and Mineral Club



The year opened with fund-raising activities so that we could purchase a diamond saw. Within a short time, the grinding noise of the saw could clearly be heard. The next activity was a field-trip, and although I didn't go on it, I'm sure that the group had a wonderful time, and also accomplished their reason for going—to collect Souris agates, and other semi-precious stones. Once the stones were collected and in the sacks, they were dumped into the tumblers and tumbled. This is a process that gives a stone its lustre and beauty.

Tumbling has since been a regular activity. Once the stones were tumbled, they were mounted and sold at the Parents' Day exhibition.

For the past month or so, quite a number of boys have been working on grinding units, and some are very near completion. There is one thing more that I would like to add . . . you should not join the Club unless you have a heart of stone!

The boys would like to thank Mr. Gill for his keen interest and support.

Les Voyageurs de S.J.R.

Un froid de loup! Personne n'ose mettre le nez dehors. Le vent hurle à nos fenêtres, la neige tourbillonne mais les Voyageurs de SJR quittent leurs jeux et leurs chez eux confortables pour apporter des rayons de soleil aux malades de nos hôpitaux par leurs chants mélodieux à l'occasion de Noël. Cette photographie est du chœur de chant qui a exécuté de beaux cantiques à l'hôpital de St. Boniface.

Les étudiants de français de l'école de SJR sous la direction de leurs dévoués professeurs présentent un ensemble assez impressionnant d'activités culturelles au cours de chaque année scolaire soit une pièce ou des chants. Leur réalisation eut lieu à Noël 1964 quand ils ont chanté des chants de Noël au poste CKSB à la radio St. Boniface.

Ci-dessous est un extrait de la lettre écrite aux chanteurs par M. Robert Ray, l'enseignement des

Il est à souhaiter que d'autres chants soient souvent présentés au public par autres groupes d'élèves anglais de notre école.

langues de la division No. 1 des écoles de Winnipeg:

Messieurs,

C'est avec plaisir que je vous ai entendu sur les ondes de CKSB hier soir. Vous aviez fait un beau choix de cantiques, et vous avez réussi à surmonter plusieurs problèmes de prononciation.

J'espère que vous allez continuer à chanter beaucoup en français.

R. R. Ray.

Tous les chanteurs méritent des félicitations sans exception même ceux qui devaient fournir un effort tout spécial pour chanter en bon français.



Members: Paul Webster, Michael Hammond, Michael Menzies, Barry Stevens, Auguste Searle, Jacques Briggs, Gerald Morris, Christopher Tutiah, Alan Kiddell, David Richardson, John Lawrence, Jack Campbell, Peter Malcolmson, David Edwards, Andre Heffelfinger.

CANDID CAMERA

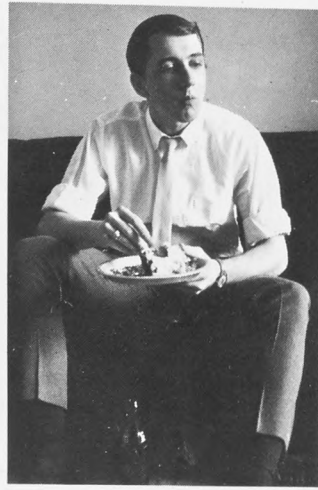


— INDEED A CANDID SHOT!

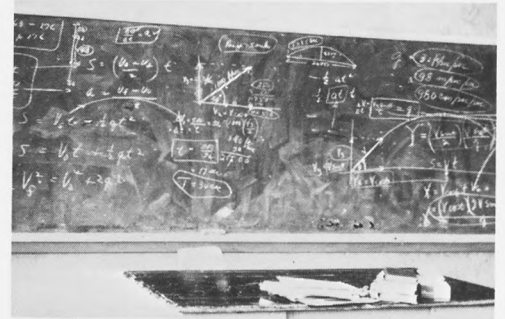
HR.



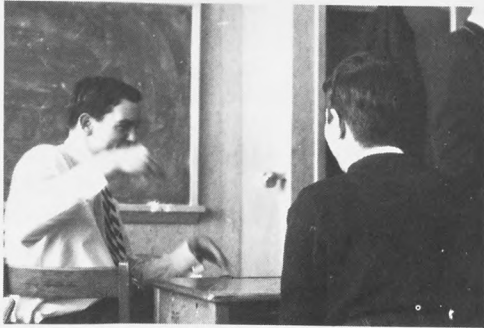
Monty's extra.



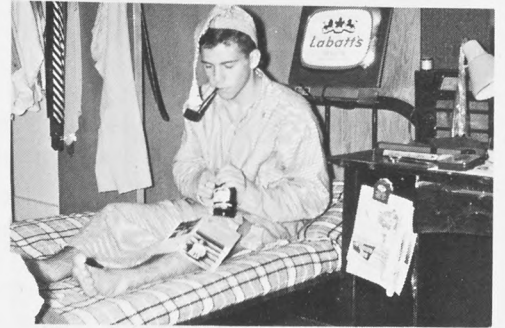
THIS is birthday cake?



Super-derivator strikes again.



Flying around.



The College Male.

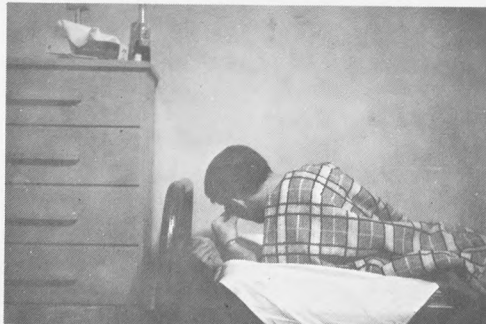
The Mightiest Sixth



Caught red-handed.



Supplementary reading.



Troubles, Stub?



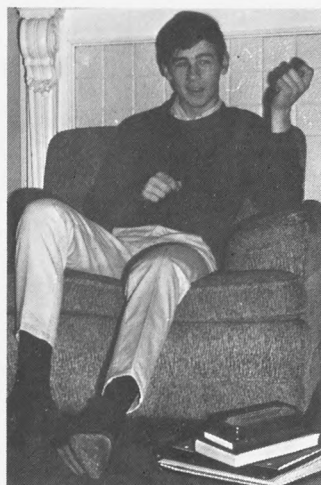
Ugthorp



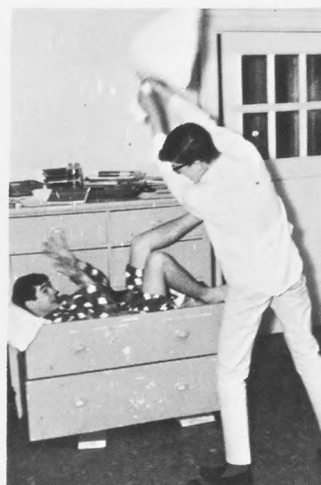
Beatle Budd.



You ARE a waiter.



Joxer swings out.



The might of the VIth.



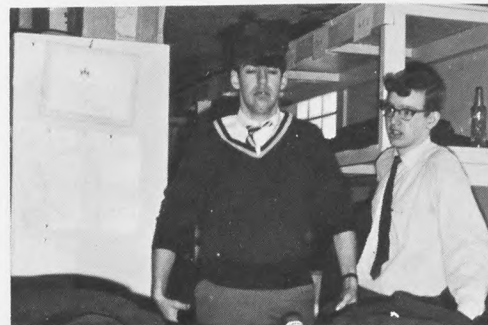
"Dear Tarzan . . ."



Goldilocks.



Look, guys, By's got a cooker.



What! All out of feathers!



"You can't put that candid in, Fox!"



Hi's and Monty's.



"I warned you."



Liver-lips.



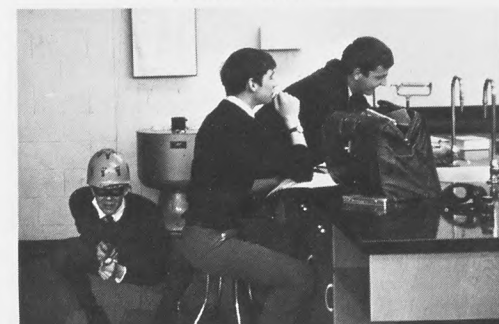
Work, work, work.



"Back of the bus!"



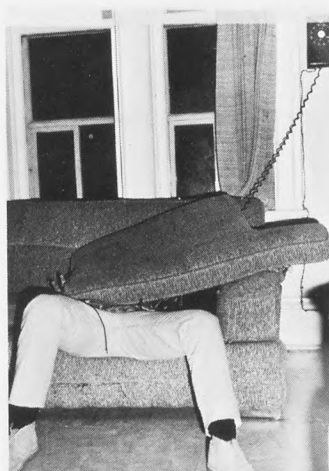
Impossible, yet it happened.



Germ warfare.



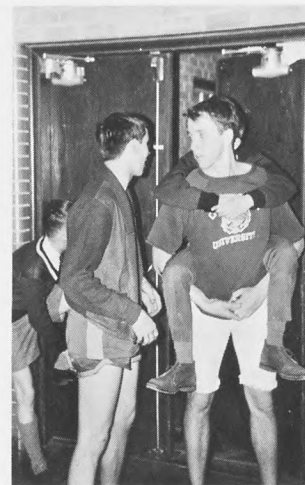
Authority plus.



Snatch?



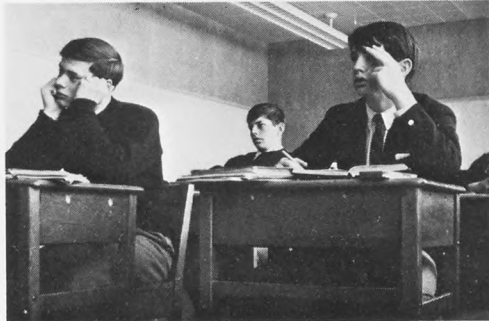
A Hard Day's Night.



Big Daddy Der.



"It must have been the beans."



"Please, sir . . . no more."



"Not another story."



Croak . . . croak.



Dawson Creek or bust!

The Energetic Fifth



The British ARE coming.



Super-Ronchers.



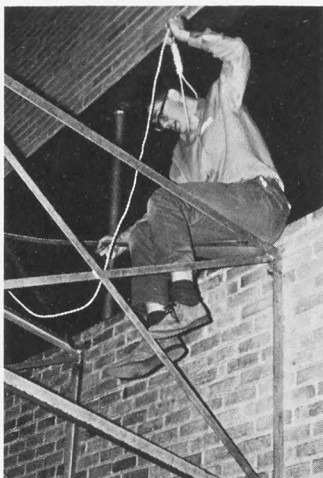
"Praise be to the — I!"



17% average — light it, Stoney.



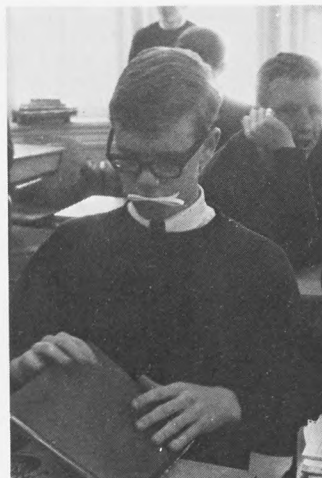
Shakin' all over.



Yearbook deadline — today.



When taxes go up.



A gnaw-ty problem.



". . . and in the navy."



Goodyear's back in business.



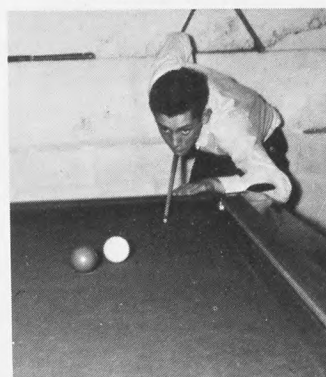
"Hello, Mr. Wellard!"



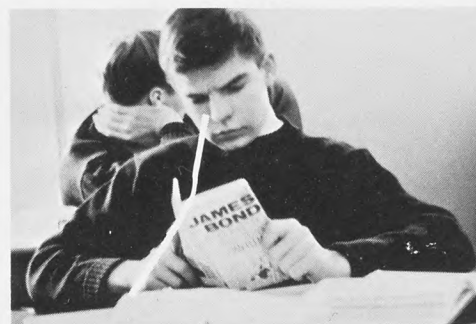
"I check."



That was a grim rehearsal.



". . uh . . six to the end."



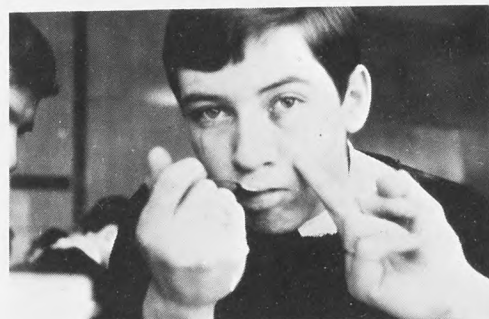
Futile dreams.



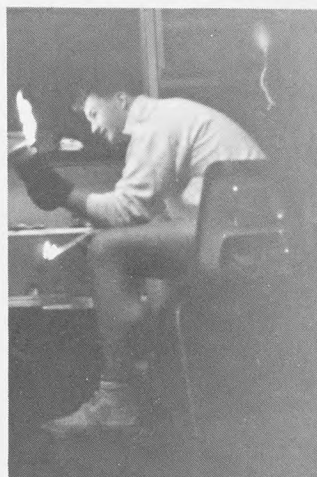
Masochist.



Ya gotta quit, Hunk.



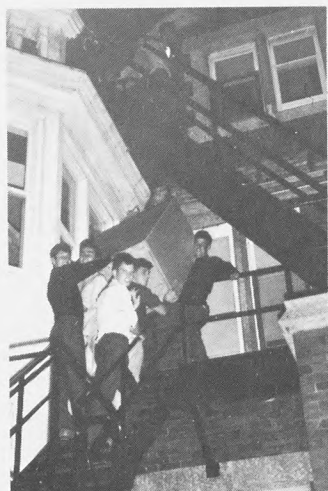
Red jello again.



Homemade Zippo.



Dunlop slicks.



Drop everything!



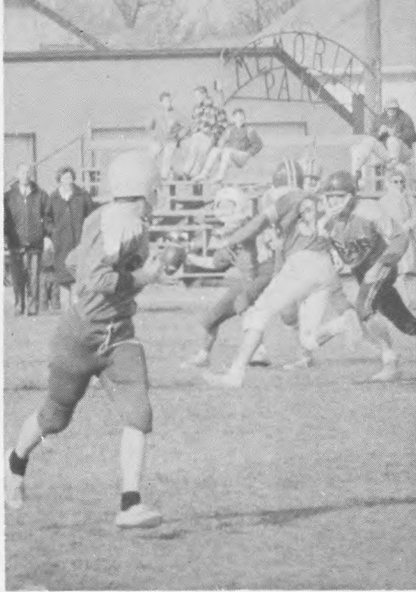
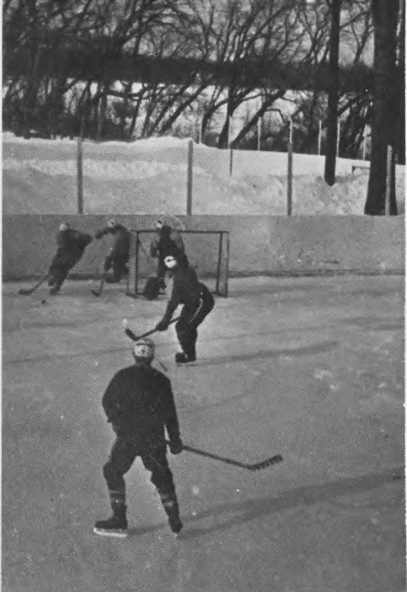
Hard-rock mucker.



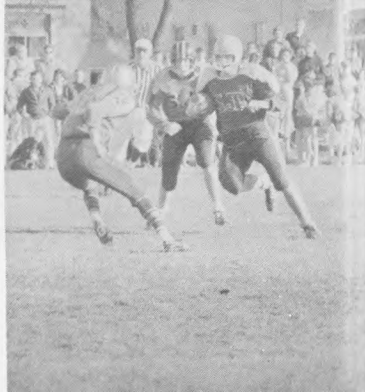
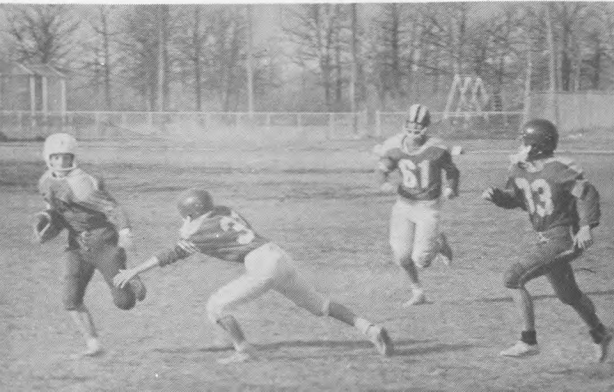
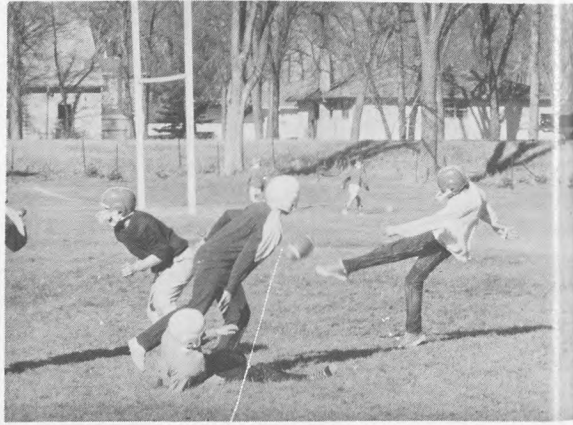
Friendless.

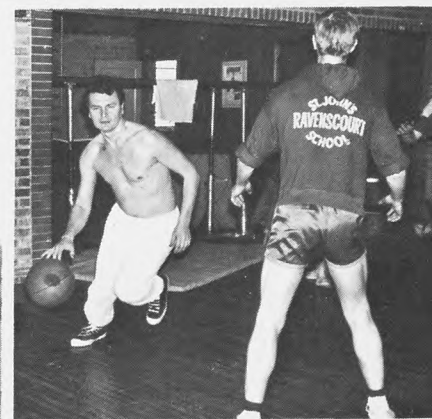


No trespassers.



Sports Candid





Upper



Equis.

Ho! Ho! Chuckle!



"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble."



"If only Spring were here."



ECCH! Permanent ink!

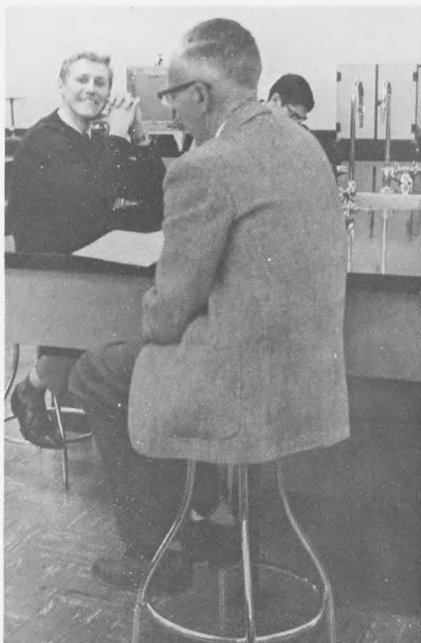


Kleptomaniacs.

Gosh, you shutterbug.



"My hero."



School



Schismatic personality.

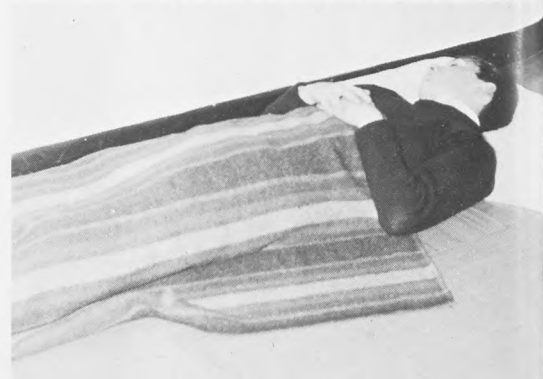
Arial can-can.

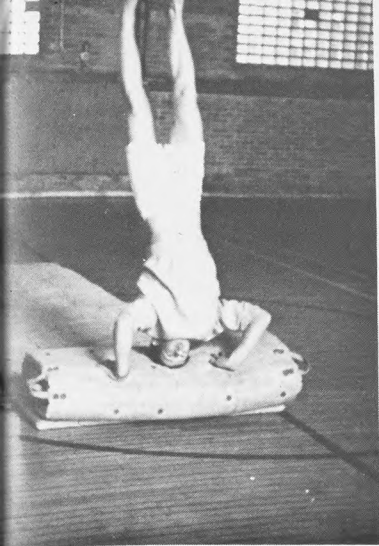


An easy target.



Who's been sleeping in my bed?





Headstrong.



Ah! Date with Minnie tonight.



Fore!



Camera-shy?



Constructive punishment.



... ah ... well ... uh ...



The last rehearsal.

Happy days are here again.



3:17:21

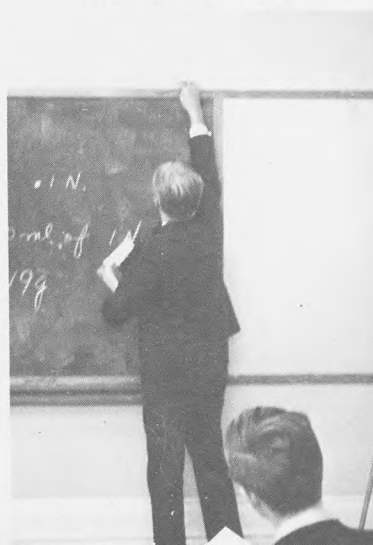


MIG 15 at 11 o'clock.

WHO steals the chalk?



Oh! This is terrible.

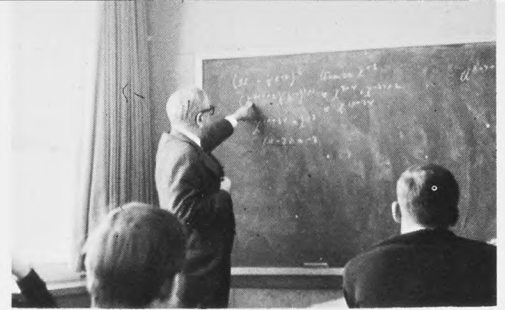




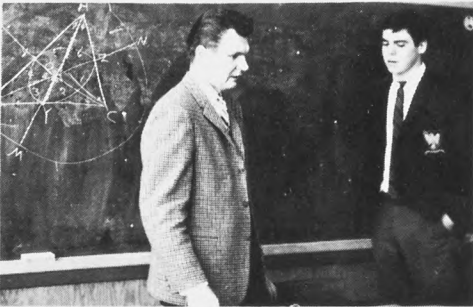
"... lightly turns to thoughts of love



The ognik machine.



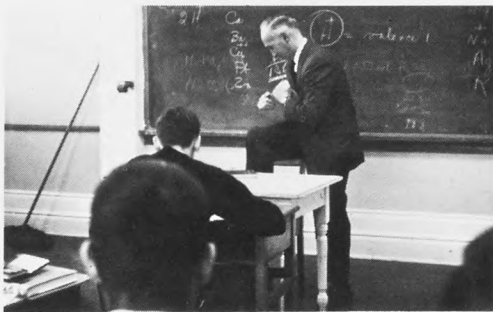
"Out, out, damned exponent!"



Psychology.



"You see, the flying club is over here!"



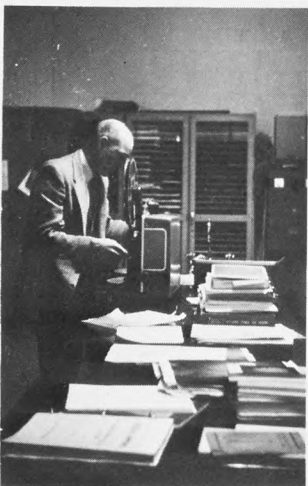
"ME!"



"There was this fellow
the other day . . ."



"A little brighter, please, Brook!"



"Useless Ma-chine!"



"Why don't you read the book?"



"This is wise."



Whirly whirr.



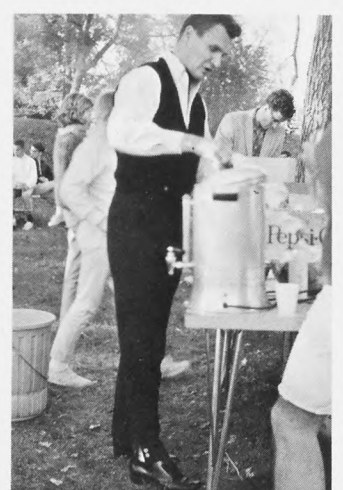
Haagh-sol



Unstable equilibrium.



Tom Thumb.



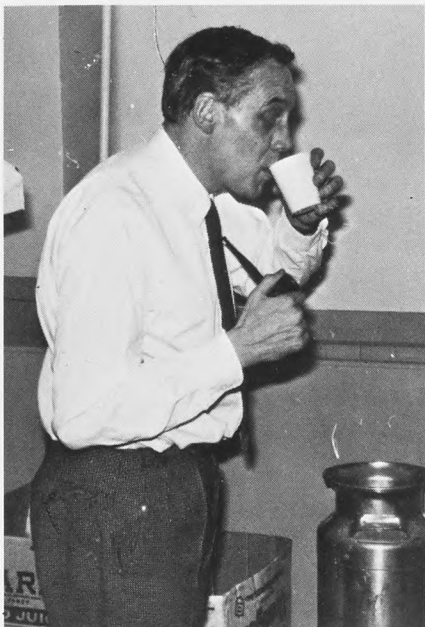
A dapper dresser.



"Sorry, can't sell cigarettes."



"Boo to you, too!"

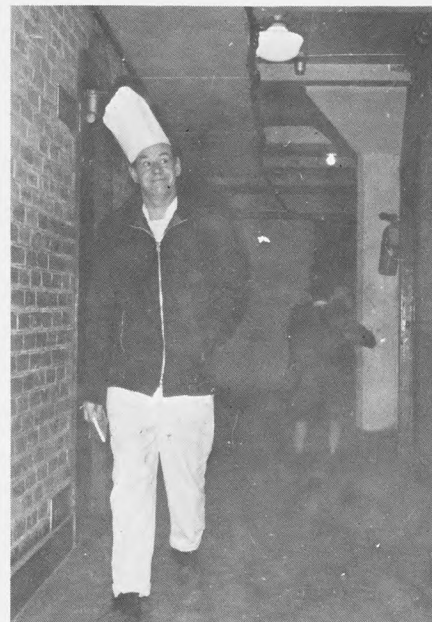


Sound-effects is hard work.

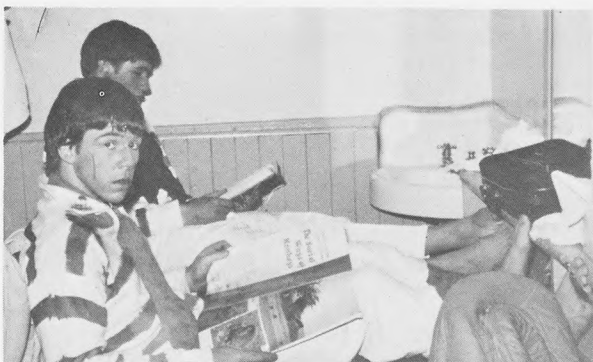


September barbecue.

Hash



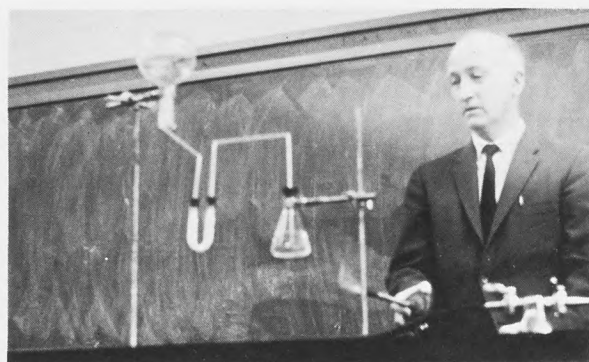
"Stew, what else?"



Check the title.



JOXER.



Brewing flubber.

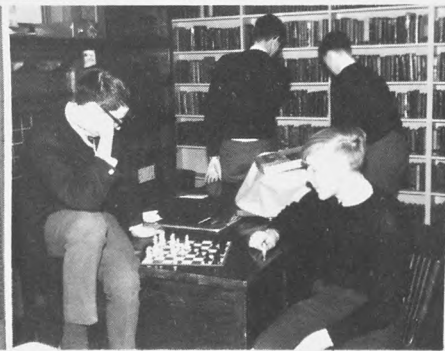
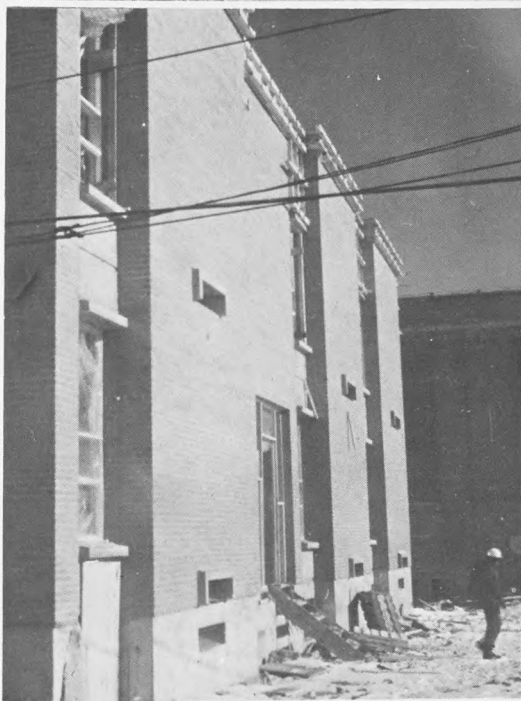
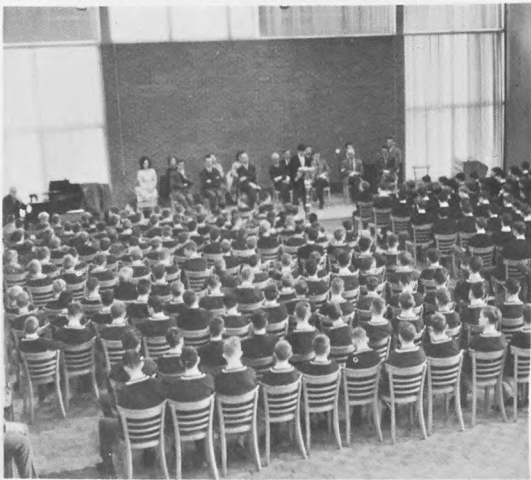


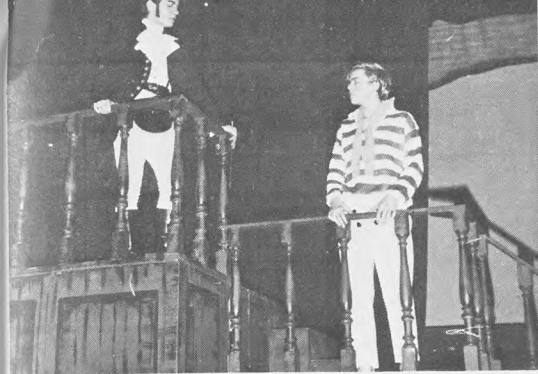
"Oh, so you think that's right."



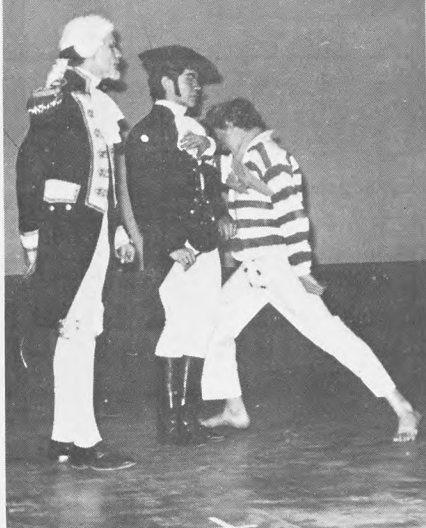
"Mom, I'm scared."

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"I suppose the handsome sailor may do many things."



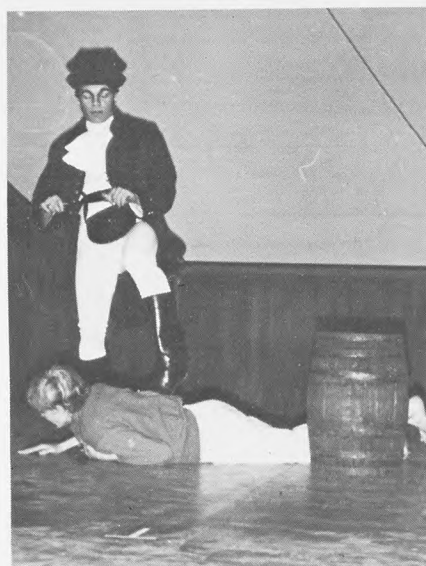
The act.



"Hey, you're hurting."



"It's a beauty."



An echo at the back of the theatre.



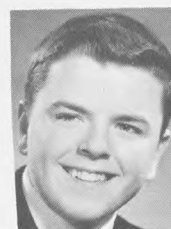
The Captain's cabin.



Billy

Compare

"... with a ramrod."



Budd

. . . and contrast.

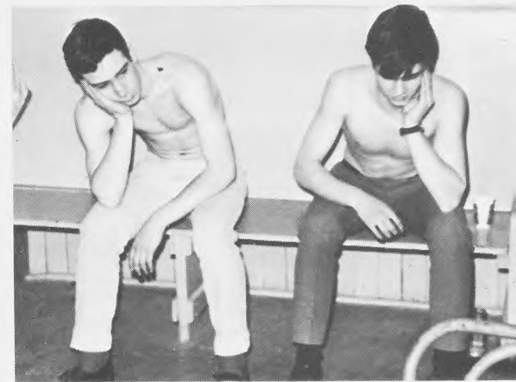
In the brig.



"Should I drown now or hang later?"

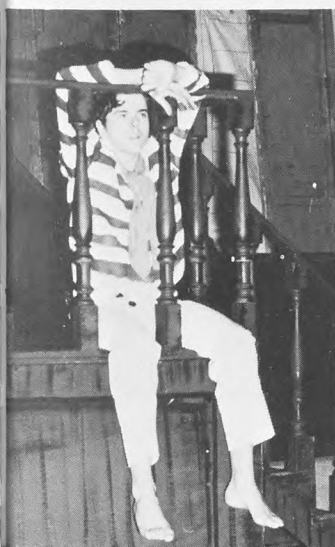


"The worms that's in navy biscuit . . ."



The sets.

"Cheese it, here comes Vere!"

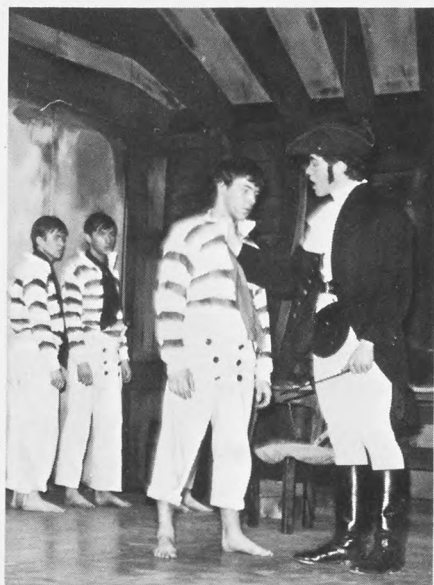




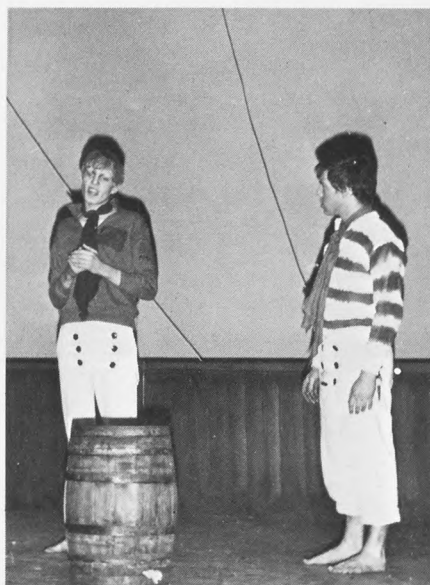
The trial.



"But why?"



"Did you say something, Jenkins?"



"My name's Squeak."



"Struck dead by the angel of God."



"Stand back!"

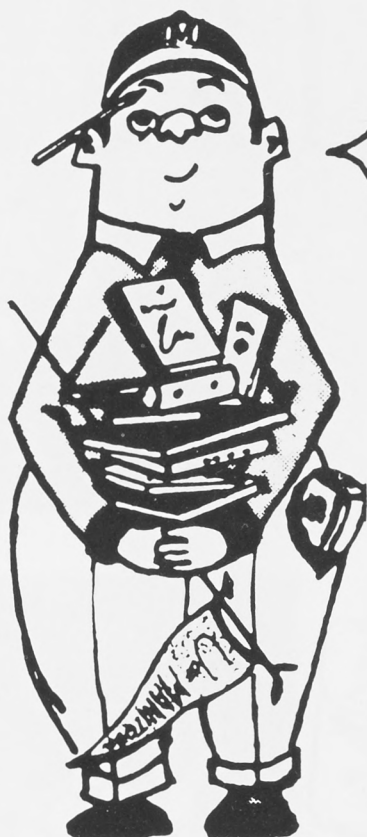


"... to die by hanging."

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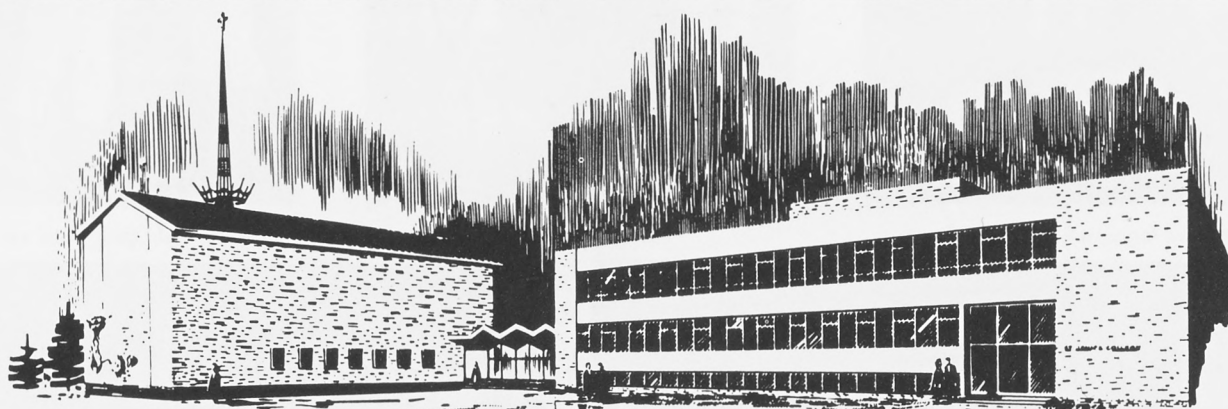


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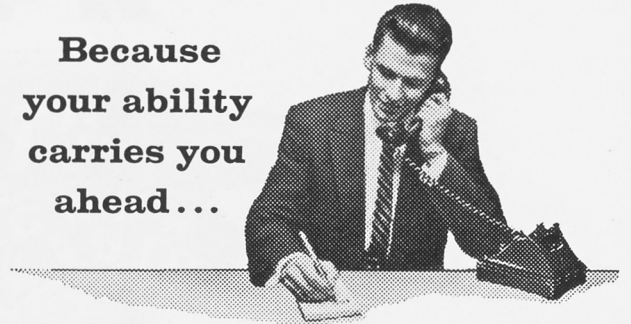
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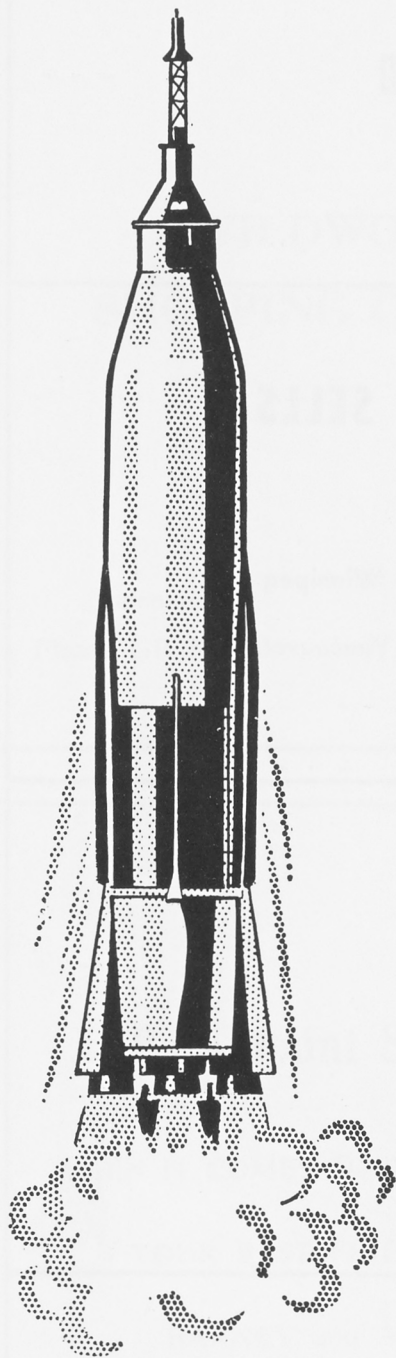


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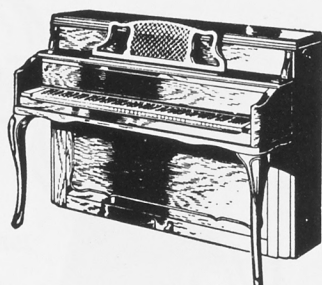
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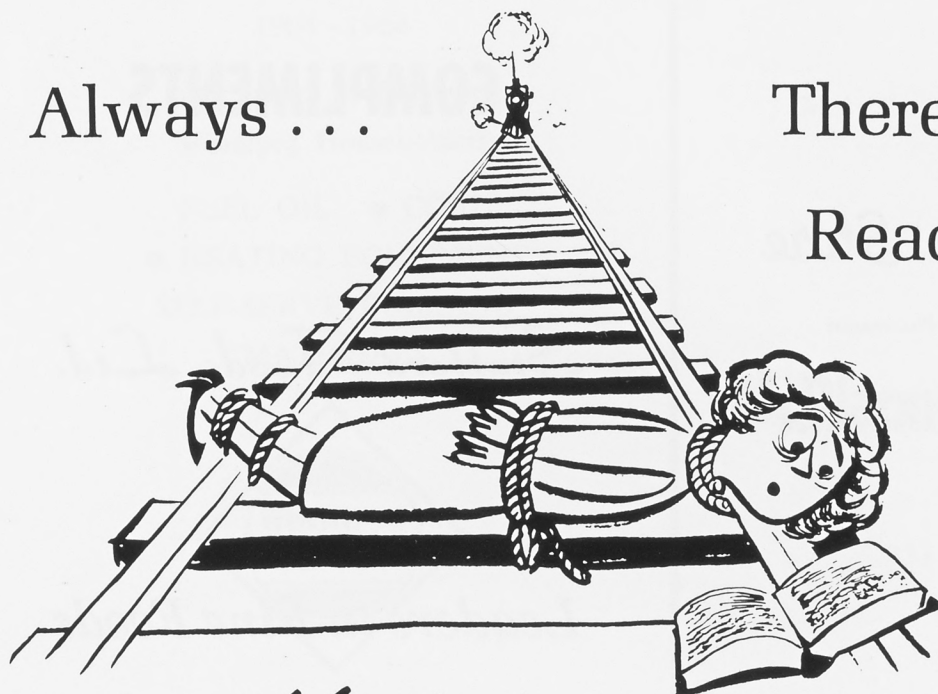
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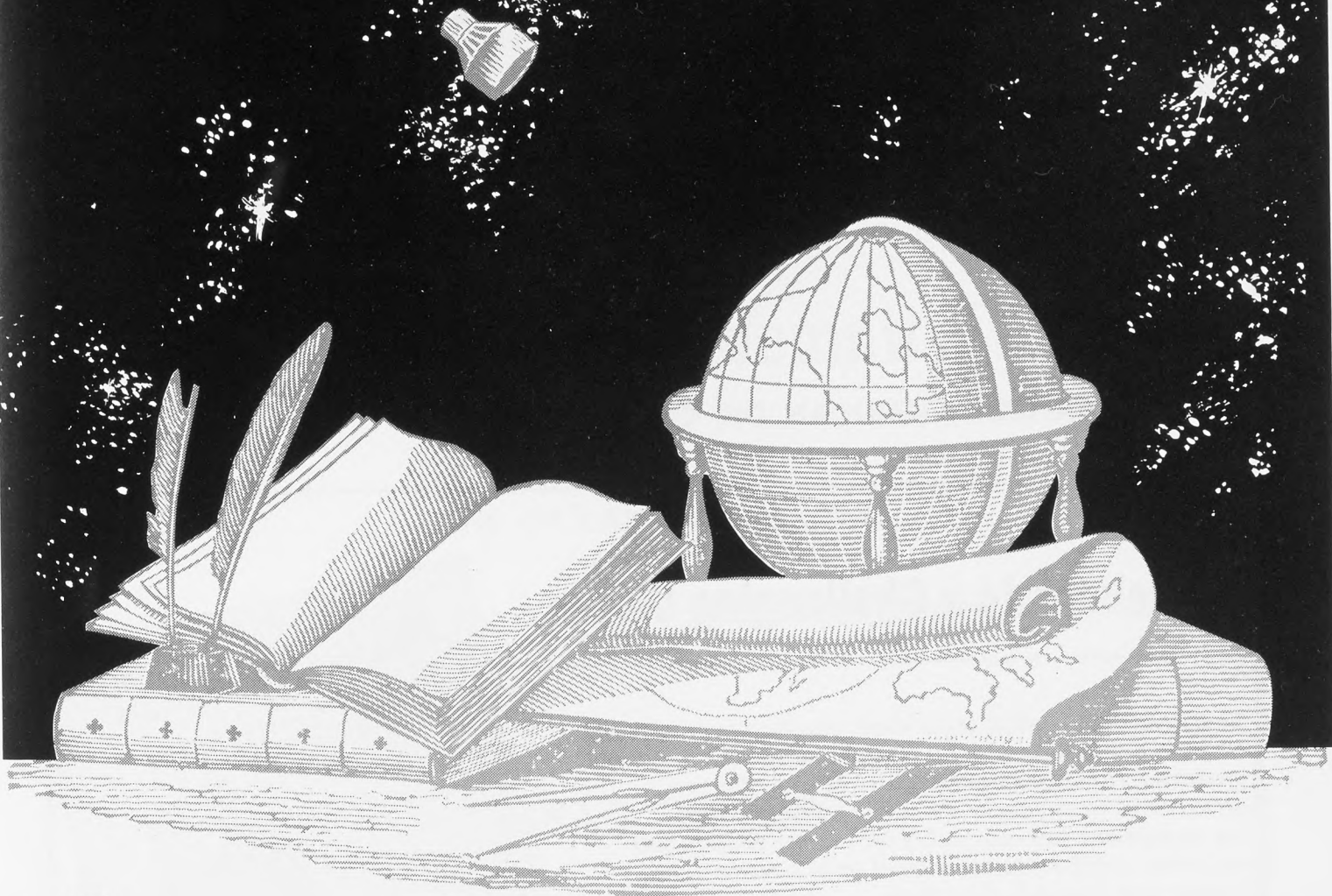
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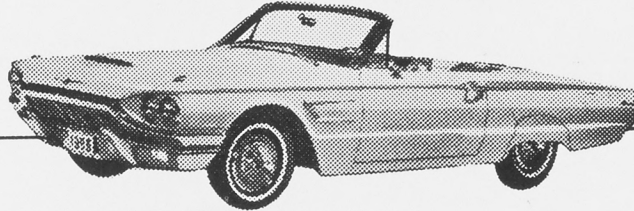
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Ainley, Christopher... 245 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg
 Alexander, John... 85 Yale Ave., Winnipeg
 Alvi, Charles... 12 Victoria Cres., Winnipeg
 Alvi, John... 12 Victoria Cres., Winnipeg
 Anderson, John... Oak Lake, Manitoba
 Anderson, Charles... 74 Roslyn Cres., Winnipeg
 Annett, Kevin... 922 Renfrew Bay, Winnipeg
 Arnett, Douglas... 120 Waterloo St., Winnipeg
 Arnett, Randy... 120 Waterloo St., Winnipeg
 Ashdown, James... 1191 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Ashdown, William... 1191 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Balchen, Paul... 46 Mercury Bay, Winnipeg
 Baracos, Ted... 86 Agassiz Dr., Winnipeg
 Barry, Randy... 93 Thatcher Dr., Winnipeg
 Beaton, Boyd... 3D-276 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Beech, Allan... 860 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Beech, John... 312 Hosmer Blvd., Winnipeg
 Bell, Paul... 1031 Durham Ave., Calgary, Alta.
 Black, George... 560 Crescent Rd.,
 Portage la Prairie, Man.
 Black, James... 560 Crescent Rd.,
 Portage la Prairie, Man.
 Black, David... 89 Calder Cres., Regina, Sask.
 Boulton, David... 238 Oxford St., Winnipeg
 Boulton, Ian... 238 Oxford St., Winnipeg
 Boulton, Jeffrey... 238 Oxford St., Winnipeg
 Bourk, Russell... 4216-43A Ave, Red Deer, Alta.
 Bowden, Richard... 174 Waverley St., Winnipeg
 Bowes, Christopher... 246 Waverley St., Winnipeg
 Bowes, Peter... 246 Waverley St., Winnipeg
 Bowes, Timothy... 246 Waverley St., Winnipeg
 Bracken, Michael... 234 Oxford St., Winnipeg
 Bradley, Peter... 30 Bathgate Park, Winnipeg
 Bredin, John... 236 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg
 Bredin, Mark... 236 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg
 Brekke, James... 48 Stradbroke Place,
 Dauphin, Man.
 Briggs, Rodney... 118 Westgate, Winnipeg
 Broock, Michael... Box 88, Sub P.O. 43, Calgary, Alta.
 Bruce, Rorie... 126 Genthon St., Winnipeg
 Caine, Ross... 155 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Campbell, Angus... 108 Grenfell Blvd., Winnipeg
 Campbell, Jamie... 282 Waverley St., Winnipeg
 Carlson, Blair... R.R. 4, Kelowna, B.C.
 Carter, Gregory... 202 Handsart Blvd., Winnipeg
 Carter, Richard... 544 South Drive, Winnipeg
 Chambers, Jim... 57 d'Arcy Drive, Winnipeg
 Chant, Rusty... 2 Sandra Bay, Winnipeg
 Cherewan, George... 820 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Chown, Sandy... 147 Eastgate
 Christie, Wesley... 8P-300 Roslyn Rd., Winnipeg
 Cires, Victor... Insurgentes Sur 1020, Dep. 302,
 Mexico 12, D.F.
 Clark, Doug... 140 Waterloo St., Winnipeg
 Clews, Simon... Box 440, Kerrobert, Sask.
 Colquhoun, Robert... 529 Selkirk St., Ft. William, Ont.
 Colson, James... 276 Wallacey St., Winnipeg
 Conner, David... 638 Elm St., Winnipeg
 Cooper, Fraser... 221 Academy St., Winnipeg
 Cooper, Hugh... 221 Academy St., Winnipeg
 Cousins, Kent... Box 27, Leader, Sask.
 Cottick, Bill... Apt. 207-2440 Portage Ave., St. James
 Cowen, David... 644 Jubilee Ave., Winnipeg
 Cox, Michael... 357 Overdale St., Winnipeg
 d'Agincourt, Paul... 245 Marion St., Winnipeg
 Dart, Byron... Ear Falls, Ontario
 David, Jim... 463 Churchill Drive, Winnipeg
 Davis, Rick... 650 Borebank St., Winnipeg
 Diamond, Chris... 7414 Ada Blvd., Edmonton, Alta.
 Dicosimo, Mark... 1067 Clarence Ave., Winnipeg
 Dodd, Philip... 437 Oxford St., Winnipeg
 Dods, Bruce... 52 Springside Drive, Winnipeg
 Donahue, Daniel... 708 Oakwald St., Winnipeg
 Duncan, Neil... 4235 Britannia Drive, Calgary, Alta.
 Dunstan, Robert... 114 Garry St., Winnipeg
 Edwards, David... 407 The Mansions, 26 Ave. S.W.,
 Calgary, Alta.
 Edwards, John... 53 Agassiz Drive, Winnipeg
 Edworthy, Lee... 415 Wildwood Drive, Calgary, Alta.
 Elliott, Michael... 9015-140th St., Edmonton, Alta.
 Evans, Douglas... 208 Dromore St., Winnipeg
 Evans, Mark... 695 Brock St., Winnipeg
 Evans, Tommy... 328 Borebank St., Winnipeg
 Everett, David... 111 Park Blvd., Winnipeg
 Everett, Horace... 111 Park Blvd., Winnipeg
 Everett, Peter... 111 Park Blvd., Winnipeg
 Everett, William... 111 Park Blvd., Winnipeg
 Evoy, Noël... 258 Kenaston Blvd., Winnipeg
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 Fenny, Mark... c/o Canada Permanent Trust,
 Winnipeg
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 Ferguson, David... 167 Waverley St., Winnipeg
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 Flintoff, Peter... 72 Kingsway, Winnipeg
 Flintoff, Ross... 72 Kingsway, Winnipeg
 Folinsbee, Terry... 11711 Edinboro Rd., Edmonton,
 Alta.
 Fox, Michael... 2270 Cameron St., Regina, Sask.
 Fraser, Clark... 149 Elm St., Winnipeg
 Fraser, Bill... 51 Waterloo St., Winnipeg
 Fraser, John... 51 Waterloo St., Winnipeg
 Freed, Sam... 300 Bredin Drive, Winnipeg
 French, Scott... 18 Penticton Bay, Winnipeg
 Frith, Scott... 233 Dromore Ave., Winnipeg
 Fudge, Carlyle... 149 Academy Rd., Winnipeg
 Funnell, Derek... 704 Elbow Drive, Calgary, Alta.
 Gall, Peter... 69 Sandra Bay, Winnipeg
 Gallagher, Bruce... 50 Ruttan Bay, Winnipeg
 Gallagher, Timothy... 50 Ruttan Bay, Winnipeg
 Gardiner, Bradford... 55 d'Arcy Drive, Winnipeg
 Gardner, Bill... 175 Oxford St., Winnipeg
 Gardner, Michael... 175 Oxford St., Winnipeg
 Gemmell, John... 141 Montrose St., Winnipeg
 Gentz, Fred... 5 Eastgate, Winnipeg
 Glasgow, Mark... 235 Yale Ave., Winnipeg
 Gollightly, Grant... 8 Mount Royal Cres., Winnipeg
 Gollwitzer, John... Apt. 805-99 Wellington Cres.,
 Winnipeg
 Gosko, George... 361 Cambridge St., Winnipeg

Gosko, Judd... 361 Cambridge St., Winnipeg
 Graham, Alan... Koostatak, Manitoba
 Graham, Alastair... Koostatak, Manitoba
 Grant, Robbie... 749 South Drive, Winnipeg
 Gray, William... 418 Montrose St., Winnipeg
 Greeniaus, Derek... 2606 Assiniboine Ave., Winnipeg
 Grymonpre, Darrell... 545 South Drive, Winnipeg
 Guest, Donald... 2416 Assiniboine Cres., Winnipeg
 Guest, Stuart... 2416 Assiniboine Cres., Winnipeg
 Gunn, Chris... 120 Buxton Road, Winnipeg
 Hammond, Michael... 1190 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Hammond, Peter... 1190 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Hardy, Jack... 419 Lyndale Drive, Winnipeg
 Harrison, Trevor... 201 Harvard Ave., Winnipeg
 Hartley, Ian... 59 St. Leonard's Ave., Toronto 12, Ont.
 Hartwig, Brian... 312 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg
 Heffelfinger, Park... 34 Avonherst St., Winnipeg
 Heffelfinger, Totton... 34 Avonherst St., Winnipeg
 Henderson, Bruce... 846 Riverwood Ave., Winnipeg
 Henderson, Mark... 564 Lindsay St., Winnipeg
 Hill, Martin... 3-401 Stradbroke Ave., Winnipeg
 Hogg, David... 1587 Wolseley Ave., Winnipeg
 Honeyman, Don... 184 Dadson Row, Flin Flon,
 Manitoba
 Hunter, Peter... 7 Cedar Bay, Brandon, Manitoba
 Hurst, Richard... 121 Riley Cres., Winnipeg
 Hutchings, John... 198 Brock St., Winnipeg
 Hutchings, Richard... 198 Brock St., Winnipeg
 Hutchison, James... 171 Yale Ave., Winnipeg
 Jackman, Mark... 36 Edgewood, Ralston, Alta.
 Jacques, Robert... 29 Ruskin Row, Winnipeg
 James, David... 119 Mountbatten, Winnipeg
 Jessiman, Robert... 363 Kingston Cres., Winnipeg
 Johnson, Simon... 317 North Drive, Winnipeg
 Jones, Andrew... 40 Queenston, Winnipeg
 Kalesky, Richard... Ste. 3A, 300 Roslyn Rd.,
 Kartzmark, Richard... R.R. 1, Box 2-Group 3,
 Lockport, Manitoba
 Kellert, Sandy... 424 Hosmer Blvd., Winnipeg
 Kiddell, Alan... St. John's-Ravenscourt, Winnipeg
 Kiddell, Douglas... St. John's-Ravenscourt, Winnipeg
 Kiddell, John... St. John's-Ravenscourt, Winnipeg
 Kiddell, Robbie... St. John's-Ravenscourt, Winnipeg
 Kilgour, James... 275 Harvard Ave., Winnipeg
 Kilgour, John... 275 Harvard Ave., Winnipeg
 Kirby, John... 214 Victoria Cres., Winnipeg
 Klassen, Greg... 327 Hosmer Blvd., Winnipeg
 Knowlton, Bruce... 616-15th St., Brandon, Manitoba
 Kobrinsky, Joel... 378 Kingston Cres., Winnipeg
 Kobrinsky, Nathan... 378 Kingston Cres., Winnipeg
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 Lacooki, Richard... Ste. 8-70 Hespeler Ave., Winnipeg
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 Lang, Douglas... 404 Laidlaw, Winnipeg
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 Lawrence, John... 1070 Clifton Ave., Moose Jaw, Sask.
 Lawson, James... R.R. 1, Group 10, Box 9, St. Norbert
 Leatherdale, Paul... Apt. 304-555 Lanark, Winnipeg
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 Lewis, Paul... 191 Victoria Cres., Winnipeg
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 Little, Jamie... Nanton, Alta.
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 McCarten, Rob... 285 Academy Rd., Winnipeg
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 McCreanor, John... 558 McNaughton Ave., Winnipeg
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 McKear, Douglas... 560 Park Blvd., Winnipeg
 McKelvie, David... 103 Fulham Cres., Winnipeg
 McKelvie, Stuart... 103 Fulham Cres., Winnipeg
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 McMurray, Doug... 182 Oxford St., Winnipeg
 McPherson, Scott... 109 Lamont Blvd., Winnipeg
 McTavish, Alan... 29 Riley St., Winnipeg
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 Meredith, Muir... 220 Lamont Blvd., Winnipeg
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 Milne, Joshua... Ste. 510-15 Thorncliffe Park Drive,
 Toronto
 Mitchell, David... 29 Durham Bay, Winnipeg
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 Nichols, John... 750 South Drive, Winnipeg
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 Paterson, John... 131 Ridgedale Cres., Winnipeg
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 Ramsay, Brian... 111 Handsart Blvd., Winnipeg
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 Richardson, Hartley... 484 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
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 Richardson, Royden... 5209 Roblin Blvd., Winnipeg
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 Roberts, Hugh... 115 Girtin Blvd., Winnipeg
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 Rodger, Nick... 299 Cambridge St., Winnipeg
 Roper, Robert... 149 Queenston, Winnipeg
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 Rosenblat, Hal... 768 Niagara St., Winnipeg
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 Sanders, Robert... 280 Waterloo St., Winnipeg
 Saunders, John... 101 Park Blvd., Winnipeg
 Schandl, Charles... 1328 Mathers Ave., Winnipeg
 Schludermann, Peter... 41 Kingsway Ave., Winnipeg
 Schmidt, Arthur... 200 Waverley St., Winnipeg
 Schmidt, Paul... 200 Waverley St., Winnipeg
 Schoemperlen, Jim... 351 Yale Ave., Winnipeg
 Schoenert, Ralph... 258 Wellington Cres., Winnipeg
 Schwartz, Aaron... 134 Oakdean Blvd., Winnipeg
 Searle, David... 118 Handsart Blvd., Winnipeg
 Searle, Stewart... 118 Handsart Blvd., Winnipeg
 Semans, Terry... 137 Rowandale Cres., Winnipeg
 Sheen, Peter... 101 Lamont Blvd., Winnipeg
 Shore, James... 122 Grenfell Blvd., Winnipeg
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 Smith, Alan... 510 Hosmer Blvd., Winnipeg
 Smith, Brian... 510 Hosmer Blvd., Winnipeg
 Smith, Christopher... 510 Hosmer Blvd., Winnipeg
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 Smith, John... 233 Lindsay St., Winnipeg
 Spooner, Brian... 303 Saskatchewan Cres. W.,
 Saskatoon, Sask.
 Sprague, David... 315 Dromore Ave., Winnipeg
 Sprague, Stewart... 315 Dromore Ave., Winnipeg
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 Stevens, Barry... 145 Lindsay St., Winnipeg
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 Thomas, Greg... 11121-90th Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 Todd, Roy... 282 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg
 Toy, Garry... Box 275, Neepawa, Man.
 Trew, Michael... 1408-W 57th Ave., Vancouver, B.C.
 Truelove, Patrick... 44 Victoria Cres., Winnipeg
 Truelove, Paul... 44 Victoria Cres., Winnipeg
 Truelove, Simon... 44 Victoria Cres., Winnipeg
 Tucker, Alan... 138 Buxton Rd., Winnipeg
 Tucker, Hugh... 138 Buxton Rd., Winnipeg
 Tutiah, Gregory... 7 Canberra Rd., Winnipeg
 Tutiah, Christopher... 7 Canberra Rd., Winnipeg
 Vonvegessack, Christian... 2036-46th Ave. S.W.,
 Calgary, Alta.
 Waddell, Harold... Oak Bank, Manitoba
 Waddell, Raymond... Oak Bank, Manitoba
 Walton, Michael... 154 Oak St., Winnipeg
 Wattam, David... 1704-23rd St. S.W.,
 Calgary, Alta.
 Waugh, Douglas... 220 Yale Ave., Winnipeg
 Wear, Gary... 902 Wicklow Place, Winnipeg
 Webster, Paul... 208 Brock St., Winnipeg
 Weir, John... Dean's Residence, University Campus,
 Winnipeg
 Weir, Bob... Dean's Residence, University Campus,
 Winnipeg
 Wells, Christopher... 131 Niagara St., Winnipeg
 Williams, John... 712 South Drive, Winnipeg
 Williams, Timothy... 712 South Drive, Winnipeg
 Williams, Robert... 102 Girtin Blvd., Winnipeg
 Willis, Douglas... 440 Conway, Winnipeg
 Willis, James... 440 Conway, Winnipeg
 Willis, Ken... 440 Conway, Winnipeg
 Wilson, Paul... New Town, North Dakota, U.S.A.
 Wood, David... 80 Yale Ave., Winnipeg
 Wood, Peter... 80 Yale Ave., Winnipeg
 Wright, George... 943 Dowker Ave., Winnipeg
 Wyatt, Gordon... 50 Waterloo, Winnipeg
 Wyatt, Philip... 50 Waterloo, Winnipeg
 Young, Bruce... 825 South Drive, Winnipeg



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THE SHIELD—

The School Shield, which all of us now take for granted, was designed and fabricated by Mr. James Willer. Mr. Willer, formerly of Winnipeg, is now teaching at the Vancouver School of Art in British Columbia. He shaped the shield from fiberglass and it was "painted" by a special colour - impregnating process which is weatherproof. In the process, the colour penetrates throughout the fiberglass, in effect, dying it. The shield was presented to the school by the school architects, Smith, Carter, Searle, and Associates, and was erected in December, 1963. This photograph was taken by Paul Chipman, of Campbell and Chipman Photographers, in June, of 1964.

